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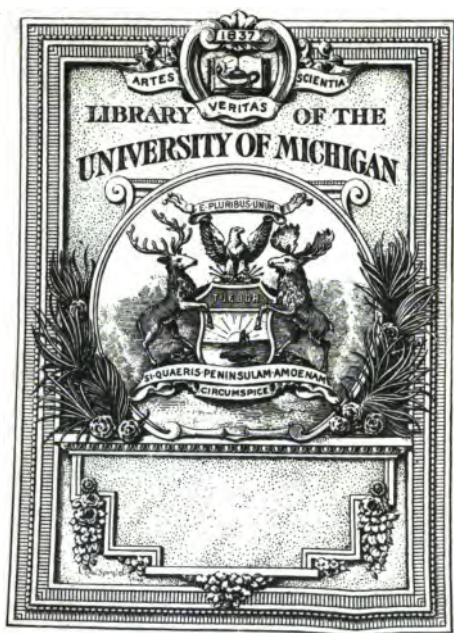
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A TOUR OF INQUIRY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.

VOL. I.

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A TOUR OF INQUIRY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY,
ILLUSTRATING
THEIR PRESENT SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND
RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF
"TRAVELS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY," "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1853.

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

P R E F A C E.

“BOAST not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” How peculiarly applicable are these inspired words to the political events of our day. A new era has dawned on the world, a spirit of innovation—or rather let us say of social and religious improvement—has arisen, and it were as vain to attempt to arrest its progress, as to reverse the order of the seasons.

Unhappily, however, for mankind, systems

Ms. D.F. 5. 29. 38

yet survive that belong to another age, and another state of society, and which having long since outlived their time, and fulfilled their mission, still cling to the prejudices and traditions of the past, and paralyze the energies of the present.

It is to this clashing of interests, this war of principles—advancement on one side, and an obstinately maintained stationary policy on the other—that may be attributed the political convulsions, that have so long threatened, and still continue to threaten, the peace of the world; and it is this that has laid France, our former ally in the glorious work of civilization, prostrate beneath the iron will of the despot, the priest, and the soldier.

Unbiassed by any party considerations, or religious prejudices, the author of these volumes has endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the actual condition of the people he attempts to describe; his sole object, the

cause of truth ; his only fear, the imputation of falsehood, or of being considered other than what he is, and ever has been—the friend of monarchical government, of rational liberty, and religious freedom ; the enemy of despotism, bigotry, and intolerance, in any part of the world.

The present state of Italy has especially engaged his attention ; and it is chiefly to plead her cause at the bar of public opinion that the following pages have been written, trusting that, notwithstanding the feebleness of the advocate, they may advance the interests of so noble a people. In this hope, he confidently leaves his work to the enlightened and impartial reader, certain that every indulgence will be accorded to a writer whose only aim is to enlist the sympathies of the generous sons of free England in favour of a country—once the cradle of the arts, the home of science, literature, and learning—which has so long

been overrun by foreign armies, torn by domestic dissensions, and oppressed by the intolerant rule of priestcraft and despotism.

E. S.

DECEMBER 21, 1852.

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TOUR OF INQUIRY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

Journey to Italy^{*}—Landing at Boulogne—First impressions — Passports and Custom-house officers — Pilgrimage to the shrine of Notre Dame de Boulogne—Her legend—Boulogne as a residence—French and English railroads—Route to Paris—The Octroi and universal suffrage—Paris and London contrasted—Modern improvements in Paris — The Gauls and Anglo-Saxons—How necessary to each other.

To a man who has once imbibed a predilection for the life of a wanderer, a slight apology will suffice for indulging his inclination, and now on my return from the land of the Osmanli, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Slavonian,

having met at the "World's Fair," with several old friends from Italy, their solicitations easily induced me to revisit a country in which I had passed some of the happiest days of early youth. Recent events also having invested the beautiful peninsula with more than ordinary interest, I was especially desirous to note the changes which time had wrought among a noble people, to whose genius mankind have been so deeply indebted for that civilizing process which has gone on redeeming the world from barbarism. Other lands, it is true, have their attractions, but there is no country in Europe that has more constantly occupied the attention of mankind in every age, than the classic soil of Italy; none, even in the present day, that possess so many varied and absorbing claims to the consideration of the traveller, linked as it is with some of the most remarkable events recorded in the history of the world; where every city, town, and village, nay, its very Alps and mountains, hills and valleys, seas and rivers, speak of the illustrious dead.

We will, therefore, at once cross the Channel, and commence our narrative in the land of the Gaul.

The first view of Boulogne, with its citadel and fortifications, its fine *jetée*, custom-house and spacious harbour, lined with hotels and coffee-houses, billiard-rooms and restaurants, decorated in all the attractive gaiety of a French town, presents to the traveller an agreeable contrast to the dull little sea-port of Folkestone.

Boulogne, however, does not improve on a more intimate acquaintance: with the exception of the port, and one or two of the principal thoroughfares, the streets are narrow and badly paved; and in so large and old a city, it is remarkable, we do not find a single public or private building deserving notice; and equally so, notwithstanding the number of English families who have made it their home, and the still greater number attracted hither during the bathing season, it is in every respect a thoroughly French town. A proof that the Celtic Gauls, like our own Celtic Irish, do not easily amalga-

mate with any other race—above all, with the Anglo-Saxon.

Perhaps this is more striking to the English traveller who arrives here for the first time, when he finds everything animate and inanimate, on which he rests his eye, so new and foreign, that he might fancy he had been transported by the wand of a magician to a hemisphere a thousand miles distant. Intermingled with a gay, animated multitude, who appear to have no other way of passing their time than in the *dolce far niente*, he sees priests, monks, friars and nuns of every order habited in their respective costumes, with gendarmes, troops of the line, custom-house officers, coast-guards and police, all in uniform, and armed to the teeth, as if they momentarily expected an insurrection, or an invasion of their old enemies, the sea-wolves of *perfidie* Albion. Even the peasants in their wooden shoes, the fish-women in their short red petticoats, white caps, and long gold ear-rings, assist in imparting to the picture an air of continental life, entirely different from

anything he has left on the other side of the Channel.

Again that the English traveller might not forget he had quitted the land of freedom and independence, he is made a prisoner by the police and custom-house officers, the moment he touches French soil, in whose custody he must remain till he has proved to their satisfaction, that he is not a smuggler, a red-republican in disguise, or, in short, a suspicious character.

But this is not the only indignity to which a proud son of free England is obliged to submit, for after he has succeeded in satisfying the inquisitorial interrogatories of the despot of the passport *bureau*, he is unceremoniously pushed forward through a narrow passage, lined with custom-house officers, whose duty it is to ascertain by passing their hands over his person, that he is not carrying illicit merchandize, or any prohibited publication, political or religious. Then his baggage must be examined, and such an examination! Throughout the whole of

France the search is extremely rigorous, but here, when the traveller does not employ a commissioner, who probably divides his profits with the custom-house officer, his trunks after being almost, and in some cases entirely unpacked, are passed over the table to an outward room, filled with fish-women, authorised by superior authority to monopolise the privilege of custom-house porters; and to make matters worse, before it is possible for him to regain his trunks and their contents, he is obliged to make the circuit of the table, and pass through a side door, affording sufficient time, should these fair mermaids feel inclined, to purloin any small article or trinket they may particularly admire.

Every place, however insignificant, has its lions; the most celebrated in Boulogne, is the column erected by the first Napoleon, to commemorate the conquest of England! and that this well-authenticated event should be sufficiently attested, a medal was struck on the occasion, one of which the traveller may find

deposited at the museum in the Lower Town. We have also the cathedral tower, erected by the Abbé Haffringue, to which, as it inclines from the perpendicular, these sarcastic Gauls have given the soubriquet of "The Leaning Tower of Boulogne!"

Every town and city in France reposes under the protection of some celestial being; and Boulogne, in having selected the Queen of Heaven as its patroness, ought to be doubly prosperous and happy, especially as here her Majesty is not an ideal personage. There is the very image herself to be seen, chiselled from life by the hand of the Evangelist St. Luke, brought from the Holy Land by a gallant crusader, and presented to his native town in the days of the good old King St. Louis.

Without entering into the details of the interesting legend connected with this celebrated image, its adventures by sea and land, and the number of extraordinary miracles it is said to have performed from time to time, we will merely relate one of its most surprising and

well-attested exploits. It appears that our Harry the Eighth had it conveyed to England, as a trophy of his victory over the French at Boulogne, and deposited in a monastery at Canterbury. The lady seems to have submitted with exemplary resignation to her abduction so long as the monarch remained steadfast to the true faith ! But when his heretical perversion had drawn down upon him the anathema of his Holiness the Pope, she quitted the accursed land ; and one fine summer's morning was found in a boat, irradiated by heavenly glory, entering the port of Boulogne !

Those among our readers who may doubt the truth of this narrative, have only to cross the Channel to Boulogne, where they can examine the document itself, attested by the signature of the bishop and the clergy, together with that of the governor and the notables of the town at that period. They may also see the image herself most gorgeously attired in the church of Notre Dame in the Upper Town ; and if we may judge from the costly offerings of the

faithful, she is still held in high estimation. Among the splendid ornaments, the sacristan pointed out to us, with great pride, a petticoat embroidered by the fair hands of the ex-Queen of France, a crown of diamonds presented by Charles X., a necklace of the same description, the gift of Louis XVIII., besides other jewels equally magnificent, the pious donations of private individuals.

The crypt of the old cathedral we, however, thought far more deserving admiration than the treasury of Our Lady of Boulogne. This subterranean church was discovered a few years since by the Abbé Haffringue; and would be far more interesting as a memorial of the early Christians, had not modern art been employed in its decoration, with a view of making it more attractive as a public exhibition.

Taken altogether, either as a residence or a sea-bathing place, Boulogne is one of the pleasantest towns in France; it is also far more cleanly than French towns are in general, and the surrounding country is not without pic-

turesque beauty. But the harbour, as a naval and commercial station, may be deemed a failure, notwithstanding the large sums of money that have been expended upon it from time to time by the French government, and must remain so until the *jetée* is carried out further into the sea, so as to be able to receive vessels at low water ; and certainly one of the chief *desagrémens* of this town is the offensive miasma arising from the mud in the harbour when the tide is out, and which aggravated the virulence of the cholera when that pestilence visited the town in 1849.

We left Boulogne in the train for Amiens ; and now that the rail has become a necessity to the traveller, we must pause to remark that the railroad-carriages in France are better constructed and far more commodious than those in England, and the fares much less expensive ; the servants are also more civil and anxious to render any assistance in their power to the passengers. Lamps are provided for every carriage on passing through a tunnel, or during

the night, not even excepting those of the third class, which had also the advantage of being covered, so as to protect the poor man from the inclemency of the weather.

From whatever causes it may arise, the autocrats of our railroads have much to learn in their management. There is everywhere a visible want of systematic government in their regulation, apparently at variance with the practical good sense of an Englishman, occasioning those dreadful accidents which are now of almost daily occurrence in England, but which are happily becoming very rare not only in France, but in all other parts of the continent.

After leaving the environs of Boulogne, and the pretty landscape of the Liane, dotted with the neat country-houses of the citizens, we traversed a succession of swamps, with an embankment of sandy heights, which entirely excluded any view of the sea; and this continued with little intermission till we came to the Somme, when we caught a glimpse of the pretty town

of St. Vallery rising up in the midst of its forests and well-cultivated fields. How many remembrances does not this town revive in the mind of the English traveller! It was here that our own Saxon king, the fearless and confiding Harold, was caught in the snares of the wily Norman; and in later days the conquered and the conquerors, having forgot their ancient feud and become one people, humbled the proudest chivalry of France on the hard-fought fields of Cressy and Agincourt.

At Amiens we exchanged the carriages of the Boulogne line for those of the Northern; and King Rothschild of Paris, who rules this with absolute sway, seems to have taken his system of government from the despots of the English railway, for we found his carriages very inferior to those we had just left, still the poor man has the advantage of a cover to protect him from the storm; but now that the Amiens line and the Northern have become united, and subject to the same jurisdiction, no

doubt we shall see sackcloth adopted as a substitute for windows. So much for monopolies !

On leaving behind us the swamps and bogs that lay extended to the right of the railroad, on quitting the city of Amiens, the country improved in beauty and fertility. We also now for the first time, beheld the vine which continued to increase in luxuriance as we advanced towards Paris, which our French fellow-travellers were pleased to designate as the metropolis of the civilized world ! Truly the prospect was grand and imposing, as it embraced the ancient town and time-worn cathedral of St. Denis, the picturesque heights of Montmartre, and a long line of fortifications, over which might be seen rising a great and populous city ; but hearing no other sound, as we entered the city of the Gauls, more civilized than the roll of the noisy drum, and seeing the streets filled with soldiers marching and counter-marching with fixed bayonets, we fancied we were passing through the capital of some

military despot, rather than the seat of commerce, the arts and sciences, and every species of industry that can ennoble man in a high state of civilization and industry.

On arriving at the *débarcadère*, we were forcibly reminded of the fact, that our neighbours are neither by genius nor education a commercial people. Our unhappy trunks, parcels and carpet-bags, which had already undergone a lengthened and laborious investigation at Boulogne, were again examined here by the officers of the Paris *octroi* with as much minuteness as if we had entered the territory of another state. We cannot but feel surprised that the commercial classes in France, shrewd as they are, and with the example of England before them, should not have combined to destroy a system which, while it exhausts the time and patience of a man of business, cannot materially benefit the revenue, when we remember the expense of maintaining the numerous body of officials employed to enforce the regulations.

The system no doubt has been found serviceable in a political point of view, especially in the present day, since it secures to the government the votes of a large body of electors ; and be it remembered every large town in France has its *octroi*. In addition to these there is the passport-bureaucracies and the *douaniers*, the military and the police, together with an immense body of *employés* of every description spread over every part of France, and through all classes of society, forming altogether a vast army fully equipped and disciplined to take the field at a moment's warning. What then becomes of the liberty of a people, with universal suffrage the law of the land, when it has to contend against such a multitude of placemen as this, whose patriotism is confined to how they can best keep their places, and get their salaries? Truly the exercise of an elective franchise under such circumstances must be considered a farce, and the aggregate votes of the electors a machine, at the disposal of whatever ruler holds the reins of power, provided he

knows how to take advantage of his position. It must also be observed in a Roman Catholic country like France, the whole of the clergy, from the simple *cure* up to the archbishop, are paid by the government. May we not, therefore, anticipate when France has finished experimenting in the science of legislating, the despotic governments of Europe, profiting by her lessons and example, will be able to construct model constitutions which shall leave nothing to be desired?

At length having obtained our luggage from the gentlemen of the *octroi*, we were at liberty to depart; and here we must again do justice to the admirable arrangements of the railway directors in France to protect the traveller from being preyed upon by the crowds of harpies who usually attack him when he first arrives. For instance, if a stranger informs any one of the servants of the railroad the name of his hotel or place of residence, stating his wish to be conveyed thither, and also mentioning whether he desires omnibus, hackney coach, or

cabriolet, his luggage is transferred to it without delay; and if a foreigner, he is attended by a civil intelligent porter who speaks his language, and whose duty it is to aid and assist him, and see that no mistake nor dispute should arise respecting the sum to be paid: the fare, however, is always trifling, and inscribed in the interior of the vehicle.

The traveller who wishes to form a correct estimate of the national character of the French, must come to Paris. A town that influences all, rules all, and whose decrees in fashion, manners, customs and politics are as binding with every son and fair daughter of France, as the laws of the Medes and Persians. London is quite the reverse of this, and exercises but a feeble sway over the provinces, beyond that of being the capital and seat of government. Still the two cities may be taken as types of the national character. In the one the spirit of utility pervades everything, and in the other everything is influenced by a regard to general effect.

The noble Thames, filled with the vessels of every commercial nation in the world, flows between a range of gloomy warehouses, whose contents might purchase an imperial diadem ; while the Seine, an insignificant shallow stream, being lined with spacious quays and fine houses built of stone, owes all its grandeur to the edifices that adorn its banks. Again, architecture has done little for the embellishment of London, in Paris everything ; and no city in the world presents so imposing a quadrangle as that viewed from the Egyptian Obelisk, in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, embracing as it does the Palace of the Tuileries, with its gardens, the long line of the Champs Elysées, crowned by the Arc de Triomphe, the Chamber of Deputies, with the bridge over the Seine, and the vista of the Boulevards, including the beautiful Church of the Madeleine.

When I stood in the centre of this noble square, and examined in detail these splendid monuments of French art, erected in a style of

elaborate ornament, all harmonizing with the general effect, even to the tastefully designed lamps; the two noble fountains rising to a height of more than fifty feet, from which descended streams of the purest water; the lofty obelisk imported from the distant land of Egypt; and pictured to my imagination the various monuments of bad taste in our own capital, erected at the cost of millions of the public money; the conviction would force itself upon my mind that, however much we may excel our neighbours in industry and works of utility, we have much to learn both with regard to design and execution in the embellishment of a capital.

If we extend our promenade from the Place de la Concorde towards the Boulevards, which in days of yore enclosed the city as in a belt, we see before us the noblest and certainly the gayest street in the world; the favourite *locale* for hotels, restaurants, theatres, and coffee-houses, decorated with all that French ingenuity can invent to render them attractive. The

Boulevards, however, to be appreciated as it deserves, should be seen of a fine summer's evening, when we shall find it crowded with every class of society, from the haughty patrician of the Faubourg St. Germain, down to the ragged *chiffonnier* of the Faubourg St. Marceau, forming an ambulatory panorama for the traveller who may be desirous to study the characteristics of the French people, and where he will find, whether by day or night, a never-ceasing succession of subjects for his pencil.

The Boulevards may also be compared to a perpetual fair, where itinerant showmen of every description may be seen, together with mountebanks, fortune-tellers, orators, jugglers, tumblers, newspaper-vendors, flower-girls, and an endless variety of trifling fancy articles exposed for sale. Then the crowds of pedestrians, the multitude of equestrians and carriages hurrying to and fro, the gay, vivacious, talkative people, appearing as if they existed solely for amusement, leave on the memory of a grave serious islander

from the other side of the Channel, who has seen them for the first time, an impression not easily effaced.

Paris, however, requires sunshine; a shower of rain disperses the multitude, swells the gutters to torrents, over which it is impossible to step, obliging the pedestrian either to be carried over on the broad shoulders of a porter, or pay a few sous for the accommodation of a plank, thereby offering another illustration of the character of two races, who, although divided merely by a narrow strait, have scarcely a single trait in common. The prudent foresight of the Anglo-Saxon, to secure himself from this nuisance, buries millions of money in constructing gigantic sewers, while his more showy neighbour is content with his gutters, and never expends his francs unless to gratify his vanity and taste for an imposing exterior.

Paris has been frequently compared to a brilliant theatre, and its inhabitants the performers. Truly no person who has lived long

enough among them but must come to the conclusion that their chief delight is in artificial life, and that they are more sensible of the charms of a showy exterior than of the advantages to be derived from comfort and cleanliness. We are forcibly reminded of this if we penetrate into the interior of the city, where we shall find nearly all the streets narrow, gloomy, and ill-paved, with the eternal gutter in the centre, sending forth its disagreeable effluvia. There are also no magnificent parks nor squares, as in London, to add to the salubrity and beauty of the town. Even the lordly mansions of the wealthy, with their imposing exterior and noble *porte-cochères*, are wanting in many of the conveniences and domestic comforts that distinguish the dwellings of our citizens; and we doubt much if any of the most wretched districts in London, can equal the misery of the great mass of the inhabitants of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau.

Whether, however, it has been owing to the

fearful ravages of the cholera, typhus fever, and other maladies, arising from, and aggravated by defective sewerage, and narrow, ill-ventilated streets, or a desire to keep pace with their neighbours on the other side of the Channel, the citizens of this gay metropolis appear to have at length come to the conclusion, that ornamental architecture, magnificent fountains, triumphal arches, and a gay exterior, are not a sufficient protection against the attacks of a dangerous epidemic, that spares neither rich nor poor.

With this view, a sewerage on a grand scale is now in course of construction, intended by means of subterranean canals to carry off the refuse of the city to an appropriate locality several miles distant, instead of leaving it to mingle with and pollute the clear waters of the Seine. This, with several new streets running through the centre of the old town, also in course of construction, will, when completed, have the effect of rendering Paris one of the

most salubrious, and beautiful cities in the world.

In this instance, we have another illustration of two races, who, however much opposed to each other in character, seem placed by a wise Providence as the nearest neighbours, to work out the regeneration of the world—their national antipathies, jealousies, and emulation to excel each other, all tending to the advancement and progress of mankind, and which never could have been done so rapidly, had they been united under the same sceptre. The Gaul, energetic and impetuous, if he leads the way in any great achievement, is certain to be followed, and often surpassed by his more prudent and practical neighbour, and vice versâ; an example of enlightened progress, which must continue to go on redeeming the world from barbarism, unless in the meantime some demon should arise, to disturb by savage warfare, the harmless emulation which now impels each in the glorious work of civilization and improvement.

If we have taught our more volatile neighbour many things to which he was a stranger previous to the late peace, most assuredly we have been equally indebted to him; and many yet remain which might be adopted with advantage. Among these, the most striking is the regulation forbidding cemeteries or slaughter-houses within the precincts of the city; a barbarism in this enlightened age not only disgraceful to a great and wealthy metropolis like London, but highly dangerous to the health of the inhabitants.

London has certainly abundant reason to be proud of the noble river which has made her the emporium of the wealth and commerce of the world; but is this majestic stream, our own Father Thames, to be for ever poisoned with the dirt and filth of more than two millions of human beings? or for the want of a proper embankment, is destruction and misery to be carried year after year into the dwellings of so

many thousand citizens? If the inhabitants of Paris, with little or no commerce, and comparatively limited resources, have accomplished so much for improving the beauty of their little shallow stream, the Seine, shall we content ourselves with leaving all our plans of amelioration to end in unprofitable discussion?

We have read volume after volume written by our neighbours, criticising with much wit and sarcasm, our want of taste in architecture and the fine arts; but when they came to describe the offensive odours with which they were annoyed while travelling in our river steam-boats, then, indeed, their satire was most pungent, expressing their wonder that a people pretending to so much delicacy of nerves and feeling, could continue to endure, year after year, century after century, such flagrant and abominable nuisances. Allowing for a good deal of exaggeration, and something of malicious feeling in the accounts of our neighbours, when

England is the question, we must admit that there is some foundation for their censures. When, however, we read their description of the poverty of certain localities in London, and their severe comments on the want of humanity displayed by the wealthier classes of the wealthiest city in the world for their less fortunate fellow-men, we are then compelled to break a lance with our brethren of the French press. In fact, the injustice of the accusation is proved by the numerous charitable institutions with which our metropolis abounds, in addition to the obligation imposed on each parish to provide for its respective poor. That a great amount of wretchedness is to be found in every large town, side by side with wealth and luxury, there can be no doubt, and will remain so till the end of time, and to lessen this should be ever the aim of those whom Heaven has blessed with abundance.

With the hope of drawing the attention of

our philanthropic neighbours, to the situation of their own miserable brethren, we will pause on our tour while we describe the Biffins of Paris.

CHAPTER II.

The Biffins of Paris—Their social, religious, and moral character—Destitution — Misery and mode of living —Concluding remarks.

THE Biffins comprehend, in Parisian phraseology, the *chiffonniers*, and that numerous class of vagrants who either live by their wits, or gain by some means a precarious subsistence, which prevents them from being arrested by the police. M. Gisquet, the well-known *ex-prefet de police* informs us that there are upwards of fifty thousand of these Arabs of the city, in Paris, who rise in the morning without knowing where, or by what means they can

procure bread. Happily, in so large and wealthy a town as Paris, some sort of employment may be procured by those who seek it, something to be picked up in the streets, or gained as hangers-on about cabriolets, hackney-coaches, railways, or similar uncertain occupations.

But if we wish to become thoroughly familiar with this vagrant class, we must wrap ourselves in an old blouse, ay, and a dirty-looking one too, cover our head with some shabby *casquet*, and thus equipped, fearlessly enter the Faubourg St. Marceau, and inquire for the Rue Neuve Saint Médard, the head-quarters of the Biffins of Paris, including the adjoining streets, Saint Jean de Latran, Sainte Marguerite, Saint Nicolas, Mont Saint Hilaire, the Rue des Patriarches, Rue des Carmes, and sundry other streets, courts, and narrow lanes, dignified with the names of all the renowned saints in the Roman calendar. However devout the inhabitants of this holy district might have been

during the days of Saint Louis, who here held his court, we fear in the present day, the greater number do not concern themselves much about religious matters.

These old gloomy streets, narrow lanes, courts, and alleys, into which the sun rarely penetrates, with their decayed, tottering houses, the abode of filth and misery, can only be paralleled by that part of Naples in which the *lazzaroni* dwell, between whom and the Biffins of Paris many points of resemblance may be observed ; at least they display in their dwellings and manner of living the same utter disregard for cleanliness, and like them hurl every conceivable abomination into the streets.

On entering one of these dwellings of a Paris Biffin, a crazy, moth-eaten staircase, with a greasy cord as a support, conducts to what is termed the *chambre garnie*, which usually contains from five to ten beds, according to the size of the room, each bed consisting of nothing better than a species of straw palliasse, destitute

of sheets, blankets, or any covering whatever. These miserable beds are usually let by the month, or if by the night, at the rate of two sous; but it frequently happens for the sake of economy, or warmth during the cold season, that one mattress is occupied by two persons.

What an amount of human wretchedness do these dormitories present to excite the compassion of the philanthropist, crowded as they always are with occupants, swarming with vermin, and having no other covering than their own dirty clothing, rarely changed till it falls from them in rags! Can we then wonder that these dens, defiled as they are with the accumulated filth of centuries, the refuge of the veriest pariahs of society, often intoxicated, and not unfrequently suffering from the most hideous diseases, become the head-quarters of miasma and spread pestilence in the vicinity? Happily for humanity, the whole of this district is under the surveillance of the police, who endeavour, frequently at the risk of life,

to enforce a classification of the sexes. In addition to these dormitories, there are others of smaller dimensions, destined for the occupation of families, having three or four beds. The Biffin with his wife or mistress, as the case may be, sleep in one bed, and their children, young and old, in the other. If the chamber, however, is sufficiently spacious to contain a second family, a rope is suspended across the room, over which is thrown a ragged cloth.

The Celtic-Gaul Biffin of Paris, and our own Celtic-Irish Biffin of London, although they unhappily resemble each other in their wretchedness and dirt, in other respects are totally different. Paddy in general will work hard when he can find employment, spends his money like a prince while it lasts, and although he may occasionally knock down a friend for love, when in his cups, yet he exhibits some sense of social propriety, and being a good Roman Catholic, implicitly believes in the

dogmas propounded by his priest, attends mass and repeats his Paternoster, and Ave-Maria, with great fervency of devotion. With respect to his worldly affairs, if his present wants are supplied, he is more than contented, and knowing that the laws of the Saxon will provide him with a refuge in sickness or old age, he is reckless of the future; and should he desire to revisit his own "first gem of the sea," he can travel at the expense of the community.

The character and disposition of the Paris Biffin is the reverse of this. Entertaining an insuperable objection to hard, continuous labour, he depends upon his wits and chance for a precarious subsistence; and having no parochial assistance to rely on, he deems it expedient to practise some degree of economy, and the scanty fare with which he is contented would be considered next to starvation by one of our own paupers. Thirteen sous, about sixpence halfpenny, sufficing for all his daily wants, even including amusement. He pays two

sous for his bed and a similar sum for his bread and soup, to which he adds three sous for wine, making nine; the remainder is spent in brandy and the dance, or guarded for future exigencies, according to the character of the man; and he must be an inexperienced Biffin who cannot pick up in the streets as many cigar-ends as will not only supply his pipe, but leave a surplus to dispose of to his companions.

As to religion, the only one the Biffin of Paris is acquainted with, is the Roman Catholic. This he holds in sovereign contempt; an opinion shared by many of his more enlightened countrymen, although for social and political purposes, they may not exhibit any external signs of disrespect for the creed of their fathers. The Biffin, however, having no political motive to influence him, fears neither God, man, nor devil; hates all priests with an intense hate, which has been bequeathed to him from his father and grandfather, the actors in the first Revolution, an antipathy which may continue

The government, for many years never either secure, nor enduring, manifests the greatest reluctance to look very inquisitorially into a neighbourhood, and among a people so easily excited to rebellion, and who pride themselves not only in evading, but openly violating laws which their own social compact never sanctioned; and assert their right to declare war, whenever they meet with a good pay-master. Consequently, they welcome as a friend every man who has had the courage to throw down the gauntlet to authority, whether rebel, bandit, smuggler, convict, or shop-lifter; and if he has suffered for having broken the odious laws, he is in their estimation a hero.

There must, however, be something of a social disposition even among these outcasts of society, since we rarely find in their neighbourhood those drunken riots which disgrace the lower order of Irish in our large towns, notwithstanding the one has all the advantage of religious instruction, and the other by abjuring the Church has no monitor to guide him save

his own inclination. The Biffin of Paris, even of the lowest grade, is not deficient in that self-respect which never permits him to appear in the streets without some sort of decent clothing, presenting a striking contrast to so many of our street mendicants, who, not content with disfiguring their persons, attire themselves in the most disgusting rags, for the sole purpose of exciting pity.

Our readers may be desirous to know by what means so many thousands of human beings contrive to glean a precarious existence in a town where there are no parochial rates, imposed by law, for the support of the poor.

The *chiffonnier*, whose brotherhood forms the most numerous class among the Biffins, may be seen stalking along the streets, having a basket strapped to his back, and a long pole with a hook attached to it in his hand, by the aid of which at early dawn he minutely investigates the contents of the little heaps of refuse, which the nymphs of the broom deposit each day

before their respective doors to be removed at the appointed time by the scavenger's cart. Nothing, however trifling, escapes his searching eye—nothing, however trifling, but has some value for a well-educated *chiffonnier*. Rags, paper, broken glass, porcelain, bones, crusts of bread, ends of smoked cigars, dead dogs, cats, rats, and mice, all are consigned to his ample basket, and carried to the respective depots for such miscellaneous collections of rubbish in the Faubourgs St. Marceau and St. Antoine, and sold according to their weight and value; and that man must be indeed unfortunate who cannot by this means procure a sufficient sum to supply his daily necessities.

Moreover, it sometimes happens that fate kindly throws in his way a trinket, a silver spoon, a purse, a pocket-book, or some other article of value. In such a case, he enjoys himself till the proceeds of his fortunate discovery is expended. Then a fat pussy or a lady's lap-dog that may happen to have gone astray

are prized, and pounced upon by this gentry; the skin fetches a high price, and the flesh by the culinary art of an accomplished *chiffonnier* is transformed into a savoury *ragoût*. There are also in every large town a sufficient number of careless, half-dreaming loungers to be seen about the streets: meditating philosophers, musing poets, love-sick maidens, and disappointed spinsters, whose thoughts are anywhere but about their own affairs, and who, lost in their contemplations, drop a parcel, a veil, a shawl, a gold-headed cane, or some such article, which is also seized as a lawful prize by these ever-watchful birds of prey.

Many of our fair readers no doubt have admired, as well as ourselves, various beautiful fancy articles exhibited in the Crystal Palace by our ingenious neighbours across the Channel, -some of them in imitation of tortoiseshell, &c., &c.; but perhaps they are not aware that these toys have been fabricated out of the filthiest rubbish in the basket of a *chiffonnier*,

thus proving a source of employment to hundreds of industrious operatives.

The water-carriers, a very numerous class, may also be numbered among the Biffins; and when they succeed in securing a *clientelle*, they have no reason to complain. Besides these there is a complete army of strolling vagrants, whose games of chance, and stalls may be seen in the Champs Elysées on the Boulevards, and other public places; and who subsist for the most part from day to day on the folly of their fellow-mortals. To these may be added tribes of itinerant pedlars, mountebanks, conjurors, puppet-showmen, street-actors, shoe-blacks, combers of dogs and cats, rat-catchers, vermin destroyers, and sundry other nameless professionals, who all find a home in some miserable district of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau; altogether forming a community, whose physical and mental energies have no other aim nor object than to procure subsistence from day to day.

Such is the destiny, such the employment, of a large portion of the inhabitants of Paris. It is true a similar class may be found in every large town, but here they are more numerous, and their various vagrant employments are more systematically carried out than elsewhere; and we much doubt if a single one of those wanderers of the city would exchange his independence for any other occupation which, though it might secure to him a more elevated social position, would involve at the same time the loss of his liberty, and of that species of charm which attends a mode of life depending for success on chance, and the caprice of the public.

It must, therefore, be apparent to every man acquainted with the habits of this large army of Parisian Arabs, shrewd, active, and intelligent, as they undoubtedly are, that they are admirably adapted by inclination, and a love of excitement, to take part at a moment's warning in any revolutionary movement. At

the same time, from their vagrant mode of life, they are equally eligible in the hands of the disaffected to assist any insurrectionary scheme by acting as agents to convey intelligence from one part of Paris to the other.

When we remember this and the state of society in this distracted country, whose political institutions have proved themselves so liable to change, we can scarcely wonder that the peaceable, industrious inhabitants of the capital, and indeed of all France, in their desire to secure a strong and powerful government, allowed Louis Napoleon, when he presented himself armed with the *prestige* of a name, not only to rise to supreme power, but to disregard justice and good faith, and to deprive them of their most liberal and cherished institutions. How often have we found, during our repeated visits to Paris—and they have extended over a long course of years—families with whom we had been on terms of the most friendly intimacy, hurled from opu-

lence to almost total ruin by some revolutionary outburst, without a chance of regaining the slightest portion of the wealth which had been scattered to the winds; while many a worthless adventurer, having attached himself to the star of the day, acquired rank and wealth, but who, under different circumstances, would never have elevated himself above the dead level of mediocrity. However, in a country, and among a people where the impression of to-day is liable to be swept away by to-morrow's tide, we shall forbear enlarging on the present aspect of political life in France till our return from Italy.

CHAPTER III.

Departure for Chalons-sur-Saône — Central France —
Aspect of the country — Travelling companions —
Religion and politics — Opinion of a French Bishop
on England — Arrival at Chalons — Steam-boats on the
Saône and the Rhone — Voyage down the Saône to
Lyons — Characteristics of Lyons — Scenery on the
banks of the Saône and the Rhone — Steamer
aground — Novel mode of fleecing travellers —
Arrival at Avignon — Historical reminiscences.

ON taking our place in the rail for Chalons-sur-Saône, we passed over the vast plain of Central France; a district which offers little to attract the attention of the traveller, if we except the numerous indications of the slovenly

manner in which the various agricultural operations were conducted. To which we may add the absence of those flourishing towns, neat villages, farm-houses, and magnificent country-seats, that in England not only embellish the landscape, but evidence the prosperity, social order, and rural happiness of a people.

This part of France, however, is justly celebrated for the produce of its vineyards, the far-famed wines of Champagne and Burgundy. Still the bare poles to which the vines are trained do not present a very picturesque appearance. It is true the eye occasionally rests on the ruin of some lordly château, but it was generally too destitute of foliage to add any beauty to the landscape; and whenever we observed a country-seat, it was certain to be neglected, indicating that the gentry of France are more attached to the pleasure-seeking turmoil of the city than to the charms of rural life. Or, perhaps, they consider themselves better protected when shut up in their town houses, should any sudden

and violent outbreak of the peasantry again expose them to horrors similar to those of the first Revolution. The towns and villages also appeared to wear a gloomy aspect, as if everything in the shape of progress or advancement had been suddenly arrested by some fatal influence; and truly if there were no other causes, this cannot be wondered at, when we remember the large sums of money annually abstracted from the industry of the people for the maintenance of a numerous standing army, and a multitude of great and petty placemen, who create nothing, add nothing, to the wealth or prosperity of the state. Indeed, to judge from the number of women performing the works of husbandry in the fields, a stranger might be led to conclude that to them had been confided all the agricultural labour of the country.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that the system pursued for so many years in France, and on the continent of Europe in general, of

maintaining large standing armies, and a still more numerous *bureaucratic* with their open and secret police, has been gradually undermining the resources of their respective states, a system which, if persisted in for any length of time, must lead to revolution, and its certain consequence—national bankruptcy.

What a leveller of all classes and conditions of men!—what an element of political liberty is steam! Priests and despots may dream of chaining down the mind of man, but now that science has come forward as the saviour of the civilization of the world, all their efforts will be in vain. My attention was soon attracted from the contemplation of the monotonous fields of Central France to the animated conversation of my fellow-travellers; and our little party might be said to contain a champion of each of the various political sects into which the French people were at this time divided.

The individual whose political rank and station entitled him to the chief consideration, was,

certainly, the Prefet of the Var ; a most zealous worshipper of the rising star, Louis Napoleon. His opponents being two gallant sons of Mars, who, having fought for their country beneath the burning suns of Africa, regarded their hero, General Cavaignac, as the only man capable of guiding the destinies of France. In opposition to these, we had a nobleman and his son, legitimates of the old *régime*, who maintained with equal earnestness that France could have no hope of tranquillity till the nation returned to its duty, and summoned its rightful monarch to rule and power. At the same time the interests of the Church were advocated with great force and eloquence by a French Roman Catholic bishop and his chaplain ; and, singular enough, their opposite neighbour happened to be a very popular actress of the Opéra Comique, accompanied by her *cher ami*, the wealthy son of a rich banker in Paris.

At length the all-absorbing questions of the day—politics and religion—having given way

to lighter topics, and the Prefet, the bishop, and the officers being on their way home from a visit to the Great Exhibition, it was highly interesting to hear their separate comments and opinions on what they had seen and heard in *perfid*e Albion.

With the account of the adventures of the worthy bishop and his simple-minded chaplain in the land of the heretics, we were all highly amused. Full of the prejudices of his class, the bishop candidly avowed that he hesitated for some time to trust his safety to the keeping of a people, who he believed to be the bitterest enemies of his race and creed. Happily these ideas of the bishop, who had probably passed the greatest part of his life in a cloister, imbibing his opinions from the prejudiced representations of his party, were entirely removed, and it was not less interesting than gratifying to hear with what warmth he spoke of England and her institutions. "Ahi!" he exclaimed, "if so moral, so pious, and withal so powerful a

people, could be induced to return to the fold of the true Shepherd, what an efficient support would they not prove to the throne of St. Peter; but, alas!" he concluded, "we can now entertain no hope of their conversion, owing to the ill-timed and ill-advised mission of Cardinal Wiseman."

In what other age than this, or by what other mode of travelling except a railway carriage, could a stranger find himself among so many agreeable companions, expressing their opinions with the easy familiarity that distinguishes the French people in their social intercourse, and who, whether peasant, citizen, or noble, are generally amiable and communicative in their manners, both towards friend and stranger. Thus steam, while it rapidly conveys all classes of mankind from one country to another, serves as an instrument of civilization to the ignorant masses, by bringing them in frequent contact with men of more enlarged ideas and opinions, and will in time have the effect of destroying

national and religious prejudice, and of uniting the inhabitants of Europe into one great family. Even our own countrymen, formerly so famous for their taciturnity, are becoming every day more unreserved in their manners, since their increased intercourse with the continent. In return for this benefit, we hope they may be able to communicate to the continental nations their own love of freedom, sense of religion, and social order.

The attempt of the Church of Rome to establish its spiritual dominion over the British minds, in opposition to the government, now formed the theme of a most animated debate among my fellow-travellers; and it would be unjust to forbear recording the tolerant and intelligent spirit they displayed while discussing so delicate a subject in presence of a high dignitary of their Church. The act itself met with universal condemnation, and was declared by all to be an unwise assumption of authority by the Pope, over a people who had so long and entirely

renounced all connexion with the Church of Rome; and that the appointment of clerical rulers to imaginary sees, in opposition to the wishes of the government, would not have been tolerated for a moment, even by the least powerful among the states of Europe.

But perhaps what was most satisfactory to the English traveller, was the expression of regret so frequently manifested by the bishop when alluding to the ill-timed mission of Cardinal Wiseman; elucidating, as it did, the received opinion of the *parti prêtre*, who now admit that the Church of Rome usually so sagacious and calculating never committed a greater mistake than when it resolved on taking spiritual possession of England. "Why not," they say, "have left its missionaries, the disciples of Loyola, to complete the work. They had already, unseen and unknown, glided into the universities, had become members of parliament, held offices of trust and emolument under the crown, made themselves the favoured

guests of the noble and the peasant, and would ere many years had elapsed have converted the majority of the people to the Church of Rome!"

With every disposition to admit the tact and ability of the disciples of Loyola, we are not so sanguine as to believe that the sturdy reformers of England under any circumstances could be induced to surrender the Bible, the magna charta of their faith, for the traditions, and all the gorgeous pomp and Pagan ceremonies of the Romish Church. Still the mind of Protestant England had undergone a great change at the time when the Catholic Emancipation Act had become the law of the land. Religion was no longer extreme nor exclusive, and there was so little prejudice against the Church of Rome, or its clergy, that had Pio Nono himself, instead of flying to Gaeta, taken refuge in England he would have been received and fêted with all the warmth and enthusiasm of a generous people. Nay, we feel certain that the dear old man.

with his pale face, handsome features, and benign countenance, would have become the pet of half the old women of England ! Knowing this, and apart from any prejudice to this or that creed, we cannot view the question of papal aggression in any other light than a wanton insult to the religious feeling of the people of England, an uncalled-for attack on the dignity and prerogatives of the most powerful monarch in the world.

If we take the ultra-montane press of the continent, particularly that of France and Austria, as a guide to direct us in our researches as to what were the real views of the papacy, in its attempts to impose spiritual dominion over a people so notoriously jealous of their civil and religious liberties, we shall find that there was an ulterior motive, to which the great despotic powers on the continent were not a stranger, since it was expected to produce a religious war—anything to weaken the power of free England.

The "Univers," a Paris paper, the organ of the *parti prêtre* in France, was particularly unguarded in its expressions about this time, when it day after day exultingly pointed out to its readers that the sun of *perfid*e Albion was about to set for ever; that she was to be torn to pieces by the fiery zeal of her religious fanatics, who were seen in the perspective waving the torch of civil discord from one end of the British Islands to the other.

Happily for England, the civilization of her people, of whatever religious sect, had long since rejected fanatic violence as unjust and unchristian, and leaving the redress of their wrongs to the press and the wisdom of their legislature, exhibited to the whole of Europe a glorious example of calm forbearance. The "Univers" must have felt the full force of this, when, a change having come over the spirit of its dream; it dwelt so long and with so much undisguised vexation on the singularly unpropitious moment the Pope had selected for

asserting his spiritual dominion over England. "At a time," it said, "when myriads of foreigners from every part of Christendom were assembled in London to visit the Crystal Palace, who must have heard facts and opinions which no good Roman Catholic ought to hear, and received impressions which may prove dangerous in after days, to the spiritual power of the Church."

At Chalons-sur-Saône we exchanged the rail for one of those long, narrow, dirty French steamers that navigate the Saône. We were altogether unfortunate in our river excursion. The weather, which had continued remarkably fine since we left England, now changed to torrents of rain; and having no other refuge than a cabin, we found it of such small dimensions, and with a roof so low that it required all our care in moving about to save our heads from coming in contact with the beams above. But this was not the only inconvenience; every seat, table, hole and corner was already occupied

by a numerous party of the *bourgeoisie* ; and as the French, more especially the women, never travel without a pet, we had screaming babies, chattering monkeys, mewling cats, and barking dogs, together with a band of wandering minstrels, who kept straining and blowing, in their endeavours to make their pipes heard above the unharmonious roar and clatter of the bipeds and quadrupeds.

After floating onward for about an hour, we were startled by a shock, and at the same time heard the captain and his crew roaring most vociferously on deck. The passengers, no doubt imagining the ark was going to pieces, rushed madly to the cabin-stairs, where they became wedged in a dense mass, each struggling with the other who should soonest reach the scene of action. Happily the diaster was nothing more serious than that the leviathan lay, as brother Jonathan would say, in a fix across the river. The captain issued commands, the passengers gave advice, the crew clamoured ;

still we made no progress till a party of vine-dressers, carrying beams of wood on their shoulders, to be used as levers, came to our rescue; and by the application of physical force set the unwieldy vessel again in motion, when we glided down the beautiful river without any further accident to the fine old town of Lyons.

The scenery of the Saône has been so often described by poets and travellers that any details of ours would be superfluous. We must not, however, omit to mention, for the benefit of the *bon vivant*, that the country through which this river runs produces some of the most *recherché* wines in France. Every *côte* is distinguished by its peculiar vintage, and perhaps, take altogether, there are no better wines in Europe. But they rarely reach the shores of England in sufficient quantity to be appreciated by any but the wealthy, owing to the high duty imposed upon them, which amount almost to a prohibition. The blame is said to rest with the French

Government, which will not abandon its protective principles so as to meet the commercial views of the English trader. Hence the interest of a very poor, and a very industrious class of the community is sacrificed, and their neighbours on the other side of the Channel deprived of an excellent beverage, which, if once introduced at a reasonable price, would be certain to command an immense consumption. Under any circumstances, a system of prohibitory commerce is much to be deplored ; but this becomes an evil of great magnitude when carried out against the industrial interests of the inhabitants of countries lying in the immediate vicinity of each other, where the productions of each are as distinctive in their character as if nature had intended they should be the instruments of good to each other.

Lyons, the Lugdunum of the Romans, seated at the junction of two noble rivers, the Saône and the Rhone, has been, and will always continue to be, an object of great interest to the

traveller. And as we now saw it rising in majestic splendour, with its domes and spires, the surrounding hills covered with the neat villas of the citizens, and the forts and châteaux of the military, all reflecting the brilliant rays of the setting sun ; we have rarely seen a town presenting a more animated and at the same time picturesque appearance, or one that gave fairer promise of being wealthy and prosperous.

Lyons, like some of our large manufacturing towns, where a great number of operatives are congregated, and live by their industry from day to day, is occasionally disturbed by discontent and revolutionary outbursts. To this misfortune it is even more liable than ours, as the hot blood of the South is very easily excited. Consequently, Lyons has been the theatre of some of the most sanguinary scenes recorded in French history. Neither did its present aspect appear very indicative of tranquillity, if we might judge from the fact that it was now in a state of siege, and occupied by an army of sixty thousand men.

While visiting the public institutions of

Lyons, an Englishman cannot avoid observing many things he would willingly see introduced into his own country, and which have such a beneficial effect in educating and directing the genius of the French operatives, so as to produce in many of their manufactures that beauty of form and pattern for which they are so justly celebrated. To further this, elementary schools have been established, in which the pupils are instructed at the public expense in the art of drawing and designing patterns; those among them who give promise of excellence are incited to exertion by the hope of obtaining some lucrative appointment, or of being provided for in one of the great manufacturing establishments of the town. Hence talent is certain to find an opening, and not left to pine in obscurity, as is too often the case with us.

There are one or two fine open places in Lyons, but the streets in general are too narrow, and the houses so lofty as to give it—although animated by a numerous population—a gloomy

aspect. Lyons is also distinguished for the usual characteristics of French towns, particularly those in the South—a want of cleanliness. Then the magnificent shops, exhibiting a costly display of the choicest silks, satins and velvets, contrast singularly with the numerous wretched-looking mendicants that beset the stranger at every step ; yet Lyons abounds with charitable institutions, and the Hôtel Dieu, more resembling a palace than a hospital, is the finest building in the town.

On departing from the silk metropolis of France, we exchanged the Saône for the Rhone, and took our passage in another of those most primitive steam-boats so peculiar to these rivers. It is singular that the French, who in general display great talent in the art of ship-building, have not yet communicated their genius to their brethren of the sweet South ; but we presume the vessels are adapted to the river and the wants of the population, as there was little improvement to be seen in the form and

arrangement of those that had been recently constructed.

The banks of the Rhone do not present that high cultivation, and rich scenery, for which many of our own inland rivers are distinguished. There are, it is true, the ruins of castles, convents and nunneries occasionally crowning the summits, or rising on the steep sides of the hills, but never sufficiently picturesque and romantic to excite the admiration of the traveller, while the lofty range of the snow-crested Alps of Savoy are too distant to increase the beauty of the landscape. We were, however, fast approaching the land of song, and Avignon, so full of historical recollections; nor must we forget to mention the sunny slopes that produce the far-famed Hermitage and Côte Rotie. At Vienne we had time to pay a hurried visit to the Roman Circus; and at Valence to visit the monument erected to the memory of Pius VI. These, with the dangerous rapidity of the current that runs under the famous bridge of the St.

Esprit, were the only objects worthy of observation.

About an hour's distance from Avignon our clumsy steam-boat struck against a sandbank, and, turning rapidly round, settled itself as fast as a rock in the middle of the river. This time the water was too shallow and the vessel too heavily laden to admit of any remedy for our mischance, except landing the baggage. The passengers looked dismayed; and as the shades of evening were fast approaching, there was no prospect but that of passing the night on board, and converting the chairs and tables into beds. As for the captain, when appealed to, merely shrugged his shoulders with all the *nonchalance* of an unconcerned spectator, and returned to his cabin on deck to finish the game of *piquet* in which he had been engaged when his vessel ran aground. The steward appeared still more complacent—happy, no doubt, in anticipating the profits to be derived from so many customers to his larder; and the

significant glances exchanged between him and his captain prompted the suspicion that they divided the spoil, and frequently had recourse to the same *ruse de guerre* for filling their pockets.

Fortunately a couple of hack-carriages, whose drivers were probably aware of the captain's character as a navigator, drove up ; when several of the passengers—among whom I took care to be one of the first—mounted the broad shoulders of some peasants, who had been attracted in the hope of gaining a few sous, and with their aid we were safely landed, and then drove rapidly to the good old town of Avignon.

Here ended our excursion on the Rhone ; and as the steamer at no season of the year can advance lower down the river than Avignon, we must think it indicates a great want of enterprize in the people, and of energy in the government. This is the more reprehensible when we remember the millions upon millions

of the public money that have been expended in France by its selfish monarchs in erecting palaces, triumphal arches and towering columns, utterly useless to the nation, and apparently with no other object than to transmit a memorial of their folly and extravagance to posterity. Whereas, if only a portion of the public money expended on any one of these vast structures had been appropriated to clearing the bed of this noble river, thereby opening the navigation from Chalons-sur-Saône to the Mediterranean, how manifold are the benefits which would have resulted to the inhabitants of this fine country. In consequence of this want, they have been unable to avail themselves of the facilities which nature had given them for extending their commerce; and the eye of the traveller now rests on a miserable peasantry, decaying towns and villages, only remarkable for their dirt and solitude, and the absence of every description of active industry.

Can we then wonder at the little veneration entertained by the French people for the memory of their ancient princes, who, in addition to bequeathing them palaces to keep in repair that nobody lives in, endowed monasteries and nunneries for lazy monks and nuns, who would be far better employed in adding by their industry to the resources of the community than in repeating "Ave Marias?" But the times are changed, the French are becoming, like ourselves, utilitarians; and a well-executed railway, which conducts the traveller in a few hours from Avignon to Marseilles, supplies the defect in the navigation of the Rhone.

Avignon! how shall we describe this dreary old town, with its grass-grown streets and gloomy houses, that seem to have been a stranger to paint, brushes and brooms for the last half-century? Can this be the Avignon so renowned as the seat of pontifical splendour; where the most brilliant wits and brightest

beauties of Christendom assembled to shed a lustre over the gay but immoral court ; where Petrarch sung his love-inspired lays in praise of the fair Laura ? Centuries have rolled over—revolutions and war have laid the land desolate, but the dismantled tomb of Laura still exists, as well as the sumptuous palace of the Popes, and from what a source erected !—the spoils of the murdered Templars ! those glorious soldiers of the Cross, whose only crime was, that their gallant spirit would not allow them to become the slaves of an ambitious priest !

Petrarch, in his maturer years, has drawn a sad picture of the dissoluteness and venality that disgraced the pontifical court of Avignon ; how its Popes revelled there on the spoils of the murdered Templars, banquetted after the fashion of their Pagan ancestors, and swore by the gods of Rome and Greece. How fallen is the might and power of these autocrats of the Christian world, and the *prestige* attached to their sacred mission, when we now see the

gilded chambers where they were accustomed to assemble and launch their missives, before which the proudest princes trembled, echoing the merry laugh and thoughtless jest of the soldiers of young France !

CHAPTER IV.

Provence — Excursion in the Vaucluse Mountains —
Visit to Saint Saturnin—Rose Tamisier: the modern
saint of Provence—Her miracle of the bleeding picture
—Sketch of her history—Piety and European fame—
Visit of the Archbishop of Avignon, and the public
authorities of Provence to Rose Tamisier — Their
recognition of the miracle—Singular discovery of the
imposture—State of public feeling—Trial and con-
demnation of Rose Tamisier.

PROVENCE, the land of those wandering minstrels, the troubadours, is not so captivating to the traveller as poets and romance-writers have represented it. The country for the most part is utterly devoid of rural beauty; here

barren rock, there swelling into an arid hill, or elevated steppe covered with sand, or large loose round stones, as if the gods had selected it as one of their fields of battle. In some favoured districts the olive and the fig, the mulberry and the vine, those charming productions of a southern clime attain the highest perfection ; but the orange, even in the best seasons, is rarely fit for any other use than in making orange-flower water.

Provence has also the misfortune of being occasionally swept over by the mistral, so pernicious to the growth of vegetation, and which reduces the temperature of a hot summer's day in a few minutes to that of winter. But the fame of the land of the troubadours does not depend wholly on its climate or productions ; it appears destined to be celebrated by the eminence of its own fair daughters. Laura has been immortalized by the pen of the gentle Petrarch ; and Rose Tamisier equally claims immortality as a saint, for at this moment the whole Roman

Catholic world was filled with the renown of the miracles wrought by the piety of the fair peasant of St. Saturnin.

It was impossible we could remain in the vicinity of so shining a light without paying our *devoirs*; and finding two travellers at our hotel, the Palais National, manifesting a similar desire, we engaged a light carriage and a pair of horses, and set off on our pious pilgrimage to the residence of the saint. A pleasant drive through the valleys of the Vaucluse mountains took us to the village of St. Saturnin, remarkable in days of yore as the retreat of a holy hermit, who had given his name to the place.

Unhappily for our gratification, the holy maid had flown. We found, however, her cousin Thérèse Jean, a shrewd little Provençale, who evidently knew how to take advantage of the attractive piety of her relative; and like a prudent housewife had converted her somewhat spacious hut into a sort of *cabaret*, which she

had baptized with the appropriate appellation of the "Auberge de la Sainte." Of course such a multitude of pious pilgrims and devout worshippers, who were accustomed for so many months to visit the miracle-working saint, required corporal as well as spiritual sustenance. This, with the profits arising from the sale of tin medals stamped with the image of her cousin, and cambric handkerchiefs stained with the blood oozing from the picture of the Saviour, had already placed our little bustling hostess in possession of a handsome independence.

Thérèse Jean was not the only person in the *cortège* of the saint who knew how to profit by that *évènement extraordinaire, qui vient de se manifester dans la commune de St. Saturnin*; as announced to the faithful in the folios of the "Univers." The good curé of the village, M. l'Abbé Grand, having taken the saint under his especial protection, she was not permitted to make manifest her wonderful

powers, nor even to be seen by the rest of mankind without his permission; and how was it possible that a poor priest could afford to lose his time, and pay for the pens, ink and paper required for his voluminous *permits de visite*, unless he received some slight remuneration, nor attend visitors to the chapel containing the miraculous picture of the bleeding Christ without charging for his trouble.

Taken altogether, the miraculous manifestation at St. Saturnin benefitted in no ordinary degree the village and the adjacent country, and proved to all connected with it a most profitable speculation, when we take into account the multitudes of people who found employment in guiding strangers across the mountains, the number of carriages and post-horses required for the conveyance of rich devotees, the large supply of wine and brandy necessary for so many thirsty pilgrims, the increased demand made upon the produce of the farm-yard, and other sundries. Neither

was it to be wondered at, now that fortune's favours had been so abruptly brought to a termination, that on arriving here we found ourselves surrounded by a little army of actors and actresses, testifying in their own persons the truth of the miracles wrought by the village saint. The blind had been restored to sight, the deaf and dumb to speak, the lame enabled to throw away their crutches ; while our prattling guide, the pretty little Josephine, informed us how the saint, by merely breathing on her, had endowed her with the ability to read and write. As to the worthy curé we found him absolutely inconsolable about the *malheur* of his fair *protégée*, who he declared would be sacrificed to the impiety of the socialists and red republicans, the most heretical and unbelieving people in the world.

We shall not fatigue our readers by entering into any lengthened details respecting the life and adventures of our village saint, still a few particulars of an impostor who so successfully

mystified the world, and acquired by her miracles a sort of European celebrity, cannot be altogether uninteresting. At all events, this fraud must be considered as an evidence of the fact, that notwithstanding the vaunted civilization of France, her universities, schools of learning, printing-presses, and all the varied facilities for acquiring useful information, there must be something wrong in the training of the public mind, when such a system of transparent jugglery could have found a single believer in the nineteenth century. It was disgraceful even to the most ignorant among the populace ; but when we reflect on the numbers of the better classes who aided the deceit, our surprise is only equalled by our regret.

It appears that Rose Tamisier, the heroine of our tale, had been educated gratuitously in a convent of nuns at Salon, Bouches-du-Rhone, where eventually she became an inmate, and made herself remarkable by the frequent visits

she asserted she was in the habit of receiving from certain saints and angels, above all from the Virgin Mary. At length, impressed with the belief that to her was confided the divine mission of restoring religion to its original purity in infidel France, she left the convent, and sought a retreat in her native village, Saignon, where she made her first *débüt* on the stage as a miracle-worker, says her biographer, the Abbé André, by causing the growth of a miraculous cabbage! sufficiently large to feed the hungry villagers for several successive weeks, and that during a season of such universal drought that every other species of vegetation languished or died. In the meantime, she refused every species of nourishment, but consecrated wafers, which angels were in the habit of purloining from the sacred Pyx of the Church, wherewith to feed the favourite of Heaven! and to compensate the good old curé of the Commune, the Abbé Sabon, for their loss, she mended his clothes

with thread and buttons rained from heaven. But whether the villagers clamoured for more substantial food than cabbage, or the curé demanded a new *soutane* for the loss of his consecrated wafers, certain it is that one fine summer's evening she was borne aloft by angels, and deposited in the romantic village of St. Saturnin !

Up to this time the believers in the holy mission of our village saint, chiefly comprised the simple vine-dresser, the mountain-shepherd, and it may be their equally simple curé ; but the odour of her sanctity, and the fame of her miraculous powers increased so rapidly, and spread so extensively, that she quickly acquired a European celebrity. She had already performed many surprising miracles, and by the intensity of her devotion caused the representation of a cross, a heart, a chalice, a spear, and sometimes the image of the Virgin and Child to appear on various parts of her body, at first in faint lines, and afterwards so developed

as to exude blood ! thereby exciting the amazement and pious admiration of every beholder. But she now worked in the little church of Saint Saturnin the crowning miracle, by causing a picture of Christ descending from the cross to emit real blood, and that in presence of the parish priest, and a numerous congregation, assembled to witness the extraordinary event. This took place for the first time on the 10th of November, 1850.

The scientific men of France after despatching several members of their body to ascertain the existence of these singular appearances on the body of the Saint of St. Saturnin, came to the conclusion that intense devotion, where the mind is absorbed in one subject, might from known causes, without the intervention of any supernatural agency, produce similar appearances ; which they termed *stygmates sanglant* ! But when the statement reached them of blood oozing through the wounds painted on a picture, and at the command of a mere mortal, they

confessed science could not afford a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon.

The affair of the bleeding Christ now assumed an aspect of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the Government ; when M. Grave, the sous-préfet of the department, M. Guillibert, juge d'instruction, M. Jacques, substitut du procureur de la République, and other civil and military officers, were dispatched to investigate the correctness of their representations. Even Monsignor, the Archbishop of Avignon, was summoned, with the higher clergy of his diocese to behold and verify the miracle in *propriæ personæ*.

On the day appointed by the saint for the performance of the miracle, these great civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, arrayed in the costume and insignia of office, attended her invitation, together with thousands of the curious and devout from every part of the romantic Provence ; and, to prove that no design was entertained of imposing on the

credulity of mankind, the painting, at the command of his grace the Archbishop, was removed from its place over the high altar ; when, lo ! to the astonishment of the awe-struck multitude, the back, which might have contained some machinery for carrying on the imposture, disclosed a numerous colony of spiders, who seemed to have remained there for centuries. Still the blood continued to ooze from the picture of the crucified Christ as fast as his Grace and the Préfet wiped it away with their cambric handkerchiefs from the hands, feet, and side of the figure. And what a value did these acquire ! They were immediately cut into shreds, and transmitted to the faithful in every part of France.

The public authorities and the clergy were satisfied, the spectators were satisfied, and the Archbishop preached an eloquent sermon suitable to so great an occasion ; and, in order that everything should be done systematically and in due form, the Préfet and all

the other high dignitaries affixed their names and seals of office to a public document attesting the truth of this most mysterious phenomenon, which was forthwith dispatched to Paris, and by means of the public press circulated throughout every country in Christendom.

“Ah ! it was an imposing spectacle, ever memorable in the annals of France,” exclaimed the Abbé, M. Grand, the Curé of Saint Saturnin, as he pointed out to us, in the little church, the miraculous painting hanging over the high altar. “There knelt the blessed saint herself at the foot of the painting, with the crucifix in her uplifted hands, imploring Heaven to continue the miracle, and by this merciful interposition proclaim to the whole Christian world the severe sufferings of the Saviour, on witnessing the growing infidelity of mankind.”

The fervency with which he expressed himself might be received by the most prejudiced observer, as sufficient evidence to dispel all

doubt as to the sincerity of his belief, in the divine mission of his *protégée*.

“Immediately behind the saint,” continued the Abbé, “knelt his grace, the Archbishop of Avignon, with several other dignitaries of the Church, attired in their sacred robes, and surrounded by a host of civil and military officers in their brilliant uniforms ; while thousands who could not gain admittance were to be seen kneeling on the ground outside the church and every avenue leading to it, all absorbed in prayer, and so still, that each word pronounced in the silvery tones of the saint electrified the heart of the hearer.”

Rose Tamisier was now at the very height of her fame, her miraculous powers acknowledged by the highest authorities of the land, and her mission adduced by the press, and the lectures of the clergy, as a convincing proof of the divine favour of Heaven towards France, in selecting a poor simple-minded peasant as its instrument, to call the people to repentance.

As might be supposed the fame of the miracle-working saint spread rapidly from city to city, from country to country, till a pilgrimage to Saint Saturnin became the fashion of the day. While the sale of tin medals bearing her effigy increased a thousand fold, she derived yet more substantial benefit from the jewelled crosses and images of the virgin set in diamonds presented to her by her numerous friends. Still her enemies, the sceptics, would not yield their faith to the wonder, and many a painting on canvass might now be seen in the hands of those, who having some slight knowledge of chemistry were indefatigable in their endeavours to ascertain whether it might not be possible to perform a similar miracle, and thus have the honour of unmasking the impostor. But, alas! the blood of no living thing, either on the earth, in the air, the water, or under the earth, could be made to flow through the canvass in the same manner as the fluid oozed from the miraculous picture, and which when analyzed at

the command of the authorities, was pronounced to be most assuredly the blood of some living creature, but of a purer nature than any known on our sublunary planet.

The scientific world was puzzled. Any expert mechanician could operate the miracle of a winking or weeping Madonna, any professor of chemistry could liquify blood equally to the satisfaction of his audience, as the adroit priest at Naples dissolves that of St. Genarius! Here, on the contrary, there was no juggling trick; the eye could not detect, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope, the smallest puncture in the front or back of the picture, through which it was possible for the blood to distil, and it only appeared after the most devout prayer and agonized sufferings of the saint—a simple peasant who could not be supposed to be acquainted with the difficult science of chemistry.

The intellectual man could not explain the mystery, and felt confident he had to contend

with the inventive brain of some juggler, altogether his superior in cunning ; and that Rose Tamisier was his instrument ; but how to detect the imposture was the question. On the other hand, the devout Romanist contended that such a miracle ought not to be deemed improbable. Were not the instruments originally selected by Divine favour for the propagation of Christianity, taken from among the very lowest ranks of society ? And now that infidelity had diffused itself so widely over the land, and that the ungodly had even lifted their hands against the vice-gerent of Heaven, driving him forth to be a wanderer among men, might not this be regarded as a sign from Heaven to remind the nations of their ingratitude, and call them to repentance by making a poor illiterate woman the instrument, who had no other recommendation than her piety. Such were the conflicting opinions entertained of the St. Saturnin miracle by the press and the public, during our tour in the South of France in 1851.

Taken altogether, Rose Tamisier could not have selected a more appropriate theatre throughout the whole romantic land of Provence for the exhibition of her miraculous powers than St. Saturnin. The surrounding peasantry, ignorant and superstitious like mountaineers in general, were here brutally so. Then the little church, dignified with the appellation of the Chapelle du Calvaire, hallowed by an interesting legend of St. Saturnin, was already an object of pious veneration; and being seated on the summit of an isolated rock, it was admirably adapted either to exalt the feelings of the devotee to the wildest enthusiasm, or attract the attention of the mere traveller.

With respect to the painting, "the Descent from the Cross," so celebrated as being the agent of the miracle, is nothing better than one of those miserable daubs we frequently find in the provincial churches of France. The prominent group represents the crucified

Christ lying dead on the lap of the Virgin, with a bishop in full canonicals on one side, and a priest in his clerical robes on the other, the remainder filled up with an ox of most gigantic proportions, and weeping women.

Taking it for granted that our readers have acquired an interest in the career of our miracle-working Saint of Provence, we may as well relate the *dénouement* of a tale, which in reality surpasses all that the prolific mind of the most industrious writer of romances could invent of the folly and superstition of mankind, rendered still more interesting to the Protestant English reader, when he remembers he is only separated from this land of wonders—this mysterious people—by a narrow strait, and that this imposture, so disheartening to the friends of civilization and progress, took place in 1850, and was frequently repeated in 1851.

A few weeks subsequent to our visit to the village of the Provençal saint, we received a letter at Nice from a friend at Avignon, con-

taining a full account of the means by which the imposture had been detected; and to do the French justice, their ingenuity is rarely baffled either in performing or discovering the secret of a miracle. In the present instance, the credit of unravelling this most mysterious affair of the bleeding Christ is due to the intelligence and assiduity of M. Eugene Colignon, chemist of Apt, who, after wasting much time and labour in fruitless researches, at length succeeded in discovering that human blood, disgorged by a leech, having lost its fibrine, was capable of serving the purpose of Rose Tamisier, and might be made to penetrate a painting, and then issue forth in small globules, or drops, according to the quantity employed, and which not only does not coagulate for many hours, but continues to flow from the face of the painting, however frequently it may have been wiped off, while a drop remains.

In short, the miracle of the bleeding Christ

was imitated so successfully by this gentleman in presence of the public authorities, and a large number of the most eminent scientific men of the country, that not a doubt could remain in the mind of the most devoted believer in the miraculous powers of our heroine, that she was an impostor, particularly when it was proved that she invariably insisted on being allowed to pass some time in solitary prayer in the chapel, previous to performing the miracle, when no doubt she took care to saturate those portions of the painting necessary for her purpose with the sanguinous fluid.

The cheat having once become generally known such a storm of public indignation was raised in the country as compelled the authorities to have the impostor arrested and tried as such at Carpentras, the chief town of the district, but here the jury, we presume influenced in their decision by a superior power, declared themselves incompetent to pronounce a verdict. This made bad worse, and the

authorities, fearing some outburst of popular discontent, the affair was transferred to the assizes at Nismes, where about the middle of November, 1851, after a long and patient investigation, aided by the laborious efforts of counsel on both sides, the saint was pronounced *guilty* of *escroquerie et outrage à la morale publique et religieuse*, and condemned to six months imprisonment, with a fine of five hundred francs and costs.

CHAPTER V.

State of religion in the south of France—Infidelity and superstition—Appearance of the Virgin Mary on Mount Salette—Romantic details of the miracle—Connivance of the Government and the superior clergy in the imposture—Indignant expression of public opinion—Schism in the Gallic Church—New religious sect of the Saint Esprit Brotherhood—Some accounts of their tenets—Character of the founder—New dogma of the divinity of the Virgin Mary—Its adoption by the Romish Church—Observations on the character, influence, opinions, and conduct of the clergy of the Gallic Church—Louis Napoleon and the *Parti Prêtre*.

THE south of France may indeed be termed the land of romance and wonder. In our last chapter we made our readers acquainted with

the history of the village saint of the Vaucluse mountains, we will now inquire into the details of a similar attempt made at Salette, a few years since, and to which another high dignitary of the Church, the Bishop of Grenoble, lent his countenance and assistance. It was no unusual thing in various parts of France to hear of medals of the Virgin Mary performing miracles, nor that paintings of her should be seen shedding real tears, on witnessing the growing infidelity of mankind. But these repeated manifestations not producing the desired effect, the Queen of Heaven herself was induced to leave her throne, and come to earth in *pro-pria personâ*, to warn the French people of their danger. She was first seen and spoken with by two children, on the top of a high mountain, to whom she revealed the most extraordinary mysteries. This was succeeded by strange signs in the heavens, and unaccountable voices in the air and on the mountain top, as if the place was inhabited by celestial beings !

The little village near which this marvellous event took place, is situated in a romantic mountain district, a spur of the Alps, ten or twelve leagues distant from Grenoble, notorious for the ignorance and superstition of the inhabitants. With a view of rendering the imposition more easily credited by the simple mountaineers, two children, of different parents, a boy and a girl, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, were selected as the instruments ; and when tending their flocks and herds, by some means best known to the actor who took upon himself the representation ; they were mystified into the belief that they had seen a vision of the Queen of Heaven !

According to the official report of the government, it appears that our tiny shepherds, on a fine summer's day, in the year 1846, while watching their charge on Mount Salette, happened to fall asleep, and on awaking beheld a beautiful being seated before them on a pinnacle of the rock, dressed in the most gorgeous robes,

and surrounded by a light more glorious than the sun. After remaining some time in speechless astonishment, they fell as if electrified by some supernatural agency, at the feet of the heavenly vision; when lo! the celestial visitor, in a sweet and gentle voice, told them not to fear, that she was the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Christ, the protector of innocence, and that she had selected them for their virtues, and those of their parents, in preference to any other human being, to reveal the secrets of Heaven. She then went on to say that the wrath of her Son, the dread Judge of the World, had been excited against the French nation above every other people, for their crimes and infidelity; and that if they did not speedily mend their evil ways, attend mass, go to confession, and keep holy the Sabbath, their country would be exposed to the direst vengeance of Heaven. The potatoes were first to be visited by disease and blight, then the corn, the grapes, and the walnuts; to be succeeded by the death of all

their flocks and herds, and every green herb and plant from which they could hope to procure subsistence. Finally, the celestial visitor having imparted to her tiny favourites a secret which was only to be disclosed to his Holiness the Pope, vanished from before them in a dense vapour, which filled the whole of the mountain and the air for many days with a heavenly fragrance !

The affrighted appearance of the little shepherds on returning to the huts of their parents, and the tale of each agreeing in every respect, caused a great sensation in the village. The tidings of the miraculous revelation vouchsafed to them soon flew from hamlet to hamlet, from village to village, and the children were paraded about and regarded by all the inhabitants far and near as saints, and the mountain itself as sacred ground. About the same time, a host of missionaries and priests, strange men that nobody knew, or from whence they came, were to be seen on the mountain-top,

and in all the neighbouring villages, preaching to hundreds of wondering devotees and pilgrims from the surrounding country, to whom they were in the habit of selling medals, with the effigy of the Queen of Heaven in the form as she appeared on the mountain! which medals were declared to be a cure for every disease—a talisman against every evil. The speculation so far succeeded admirably; the village and the mountain was daily visited by thousands of wandering strangers; and what pious pilgrim but must have felt interested in seeing and making some offering to mortals who had been so highly favoured as to hold converse with the Queen of Heaven!

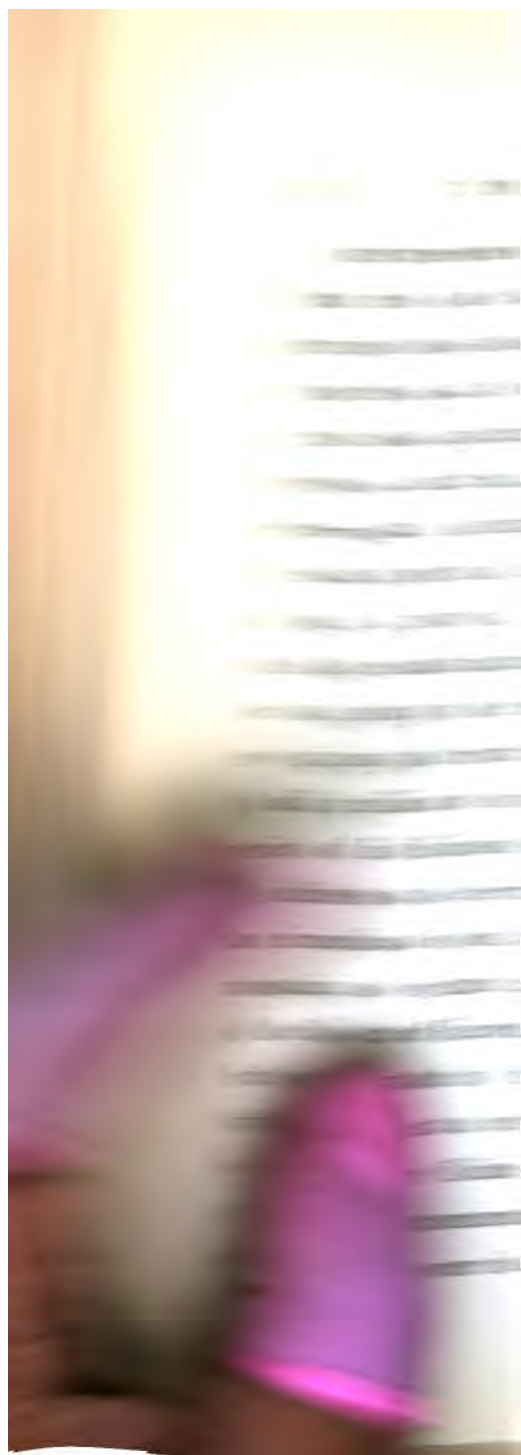
As may be supposed, intelligence of an event so extraordinary soon reached the Bishop of Grenoble, in whose diocese the holy mountain was situated. This eminent divine, impressed with a sense of the great importance of such a heavenly manifestation to the whole Christian world, particularly to France, immediately ap-

pointed a distinguished canon of the cathedral and a learned professor of the town to investigate the truth of these singular reports ; and these gentlemen, after a long inquiry, finding every particular substantiated by undeniable evidence, a document was drawn up by order of the bishop, attesting the truth of the miraculous appearance of the Holy Virgin on Mount Salette, and the marvels that followed, and dispatched forthwith to Paris, for the consideration of the government. This took place in 1847 !

We can imagine the contempt with which the citizen-king Louis Philippe and his intellectual minister M. Guizot received this document ; the influence, however, of the *parti prêtre* prevailed, since the procureur-général of the kingdom, at the head of a commission composed of the clergy and the laity, was dispatched by the government to inquire into the truth of these statements ; when, after a diligent inquiry, these gentlemen, for some reason best

known to themselves or the government, chose to stultify their common sense, and actually bore public testimony to the truth of a palpable imposture, for their official report appeared in the "Moniteur" and the "Univers!"

But whether the strong sense of the monarch and his minister opposed any further proceedings of the *parti prêtre*, or that they dreaded to face a continuance of the storm of wit, satire, sarcasm, and ridicule the French press were at that time pouring down upon the Salette affair, and which had provoked the indignation of every enlightened man throughout the length and breadth of France, the incredible wonder remained in abeyance till 1851. And how many changes have taken place during that short space of time, appearing more like romance than reality! One of the best Kings that ever ruled France was driven into exile, and a republic proclaimed—events which led to the most crushing despotism of the sword and the crozier, perhaps on record in the history of a civilized people.



statements, incredible as they must appear to every man of common sense, may journey to Provence, where he will see copies of the Pope's bull affixed to the church doors, enforcing as a duty on the people a belief in these wonders, in which also they are enjoined to subscribe liberally towards building a church and monastery, to commemorate this manifestation of Heaven in favour of its elect, the French nation. Moreover, if he enters any one of these churches, in all probability he may still hear sermons preached by the priests inculcating their undoubted veracity, and the duty of implicit belief. He may also see collections made, and hear denunciations launched against those as red republicans and socialists who obstinately and impiously refuse to contribute. We wonder what amount of these sums, continually falling into the bottomless pit of the priestly purse, will be expended in erecting the promised buildings? At all events, the speculation is certain to prove most profitable.

Poor France ! amidst the wreck of her institutions, when the might and mind of her intelligent sons lie prostrate beneath the power of priestcraft and military despotism, she might have been spared this degradation—the humiliation of being held up to the contempt of the whole civilized world, as a nation where the intellect of man has fallen so low as to believe in all the monkish fictions of the dark ages.

That there is a vast amount of superstition and ignorance to be found in the remote districts of France, particularly in the romantic land of Provence, there can be no doubt. This may partly be explained by the circumstance, that out of a population of nearly thirty-six millions twenty-seven, according to statistical reports, are engaged in agricultural pursuits ; whose forefathers for the most part, sixty-three years ago, were subject to the *droit haineux*, imposed upon them by the clergy and their feudal lords ; and although they obtained their freedom, during the revolutionary burst of 1789, little or nothing has been done by the successive

governments that ruled France, whether Republican, Imperial, or Monarchical, to elevate them in the social scale by education ; consequently, they have remained up to the present day ignorant and superstitious, simple and confiding, susceptible of being made the instruments of a clever charlatan, either in religion or politics. Hence it may easily be credited one fourth of the inhabitants of France can neither read nor write ; and this, according to the testimony of their own writers, and the debates in the Chamber of Deputies, whence we have also gleaned the deplorable fact, however incredible it may appear, that penal laws still exist in certain districts, against the circulation of the Bible, and that the sacred volume is still publicly burnt by the priest, whenever it is found in the hands of the Roman Catholic laity.

With respect to the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary on Mount Salette, confirmed as it has been by so high an authority as his Holiness the Pope, and which, therefore,

must now be received as gospel truth by every pious Roman Catholic in Christendom, we shall leave it entirely to the good sense of our readers to pass a sentence; but when we find a layman, or even an archbishop, who like ourselves is fallible, wandering from the path of morality, and deliberately encouraging the substitution of fables for truth, we shall not scruple to state our opinion. Perhaps they had been actuated to do so by a good intention—a desire to instil religion in some shape or other into the minds of the French peasantry. But it is the peculiar curse of the ultramontane party in France, and indeed throughout the whole of civilized Europe in the present day, that every step, however cautiously taken, tends to make their situation worse; and who, dreading some sweeping reform in the Church—an event which must assuredly come, ascribe the danger to every cause but the true one—their determination to continue a system not in unison with the age. Hence they seek to

control the popular will, not only by chaining thought, but by uniting religion to superstition so puerile, that their credence would be a disgrace to the common sense of the most untaught peasantry, in the most secluded districts in Europe.

Everything considered, had the actors in these flagrant attempts at imposture, so disgraceful to the age in which we now live, and so repugnant to the feelings of every true Christian, been confined to an ignorant peasantry and a few fanatic monks, we might not have given them a place in this volume, but when we see, as in the case of Rose Tamisier, the sous-préfet of a department, and the procureur of the Republic—the highest judicial authority in the land—together with an archbishop, and several distinguished officials, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, rendering homage to a contemptible juggler, and affixing their seals of office and signatures to a document attesting the truth of a palpable deception—when

we see these things, and hear of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary, deceits aided and abetted by the rulers of so civilized a country as France, then the subject becomes one of serious and melancholy consideration, and the traveller is forced into the belief, however reluctantly, that there must be something wrong—radically wrong, in the moral and religious feeling of the great mass of the people.

Imagine the Lord-lieutenant of a county in England, and the Lord Chief Justice of the kingdom, together with an archbishop and other officials of the highest rank, dispatched by her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and her ministers to some remote district of the country to ascertain the truth of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary, and some miracle performed there by a half-crazy fanatic. Imagine, if such a proceeding were possible in Protestant England, the excited agitation, the dangerous revolution, it would provoke throughout the

entire land. But in poor France, where the lower classes have rarely any better instructors than the gloomy inmates of a convent and a nunnery, and where the education of the higher classes is too often confided to the care of a Jesuit, we fear we must expect a repetition of these disgraceful scenes, till the advent of another of those frenzied revolutions—those moral whirlwinds which leave desolation and ruin behind them—the melancholy landmarks of that nation's history, whose religion if it has any, is based on superstition.

That a powerful and influential party in France have been labouring most diligently, now covertly, and again openly, ever since the restoration of the Bourbons, to destroy all that is intellectual and noble, free and independent, in the character of a people who most assuredly have done much towards advancing the civilization and enlightenment of the world, is most certain. Yet all their exertions have been unable to prevent that ill-starred family from

being again and again expelled the country. Must we not then believe that a more liberal and enlightened system of religion and education would have been more likely to preserve these amiable and well-meaning princes, the love and allegiance of their subjects, rather than pursuing a backward course, recommended by an intolerant, narrow-minded conclave of ultramontane priests and nobles, to revive the superstition and absurdities of bygone days. This is not the age for presenting jewelled crowns and embroidered petticoats to an image of the Virgin ; and any sovereign who is weak enough to be guided by counsellors so contemptible as to advise such follies will be certain to fall.

Happily for the progress of civilization, if this reactionary policy has entailed upon France revolution and anarchy, and driven into exile two monarchs within the space of eighteen years, it has had to contend against a powerful opponent, the press, supported by the middle classes ; a numerous party, at once

tolerant, enlightened, and jealous of the national honour, and who will ultimately by their energy, intellect, and information, triumph over every obstacle, and give their laws to priest, noble and the plebiscite.

Of this we had a striking example during the feverish excitement caused by the Rose Tamisier affair, who, but for their powerful interference, might have continued enthroned in all her glory as the modern miracle-worker of the day. It must also be remembered that this occurred at a time when two-thirds of the inhabitants of France were scared by the phantoms of socialism, anarchy and civil war; when every man who had the courage to raise his voice in the cause of civilization and enlightenment, ran the risk of being denounced as a red republican, a dangerous disturber of social order, by the party who were then, by every means in their power, undermining the free institutions of the country. Still the agitation increased, and they succeeded not only

in unmasking superstition, but proved the means of bringing into prominent notice the existence of a schism in the Gallic Roman Church, which we had previously scarcely known even by name.

It was impossible that the more rational and sensible portion of the clergy could remain silent, without making some attempt to defend their order from the incessant attacks of the press. This led to a recriminatory war of pamphlets in the camp of the *parti prêtre*, when the imposture of the bleeding Christ, the *stigmates sanglant* on the person of the pretended saint of St. Saturnin, and the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary on Mount Salette were traced to the intrigues of the ultra-fanatics, the brotherhood of the St. Esprit party; a fanatical sect which, according to the testimony of their opponents, is fast rising into importance, and already numbers among its secret and open adherents several eminent divines of the Roman Catholic Church,

together with men of the most distinguished rank in society, not only in France, but in other countries; and, as may be supposed, it has found great favour among the lower classes of the French people, at all times easily excited, and never very steadfast in their political and religious opinions.

In England we have had our Johanna Southcotes, and our Irvingites; but no man of sane understanding ever countenanced their absurdities, at all events no large body of the community has ever been found to join them. We have also from time to time our full share of religious enthusiasts, and though their theories may be extravagant, they invariably take the plain Word of God as their rule of faith. It is true their interpretations of it may differ, and isolated passages be distorted in support of some favourite dogma, still they all unite in founding their creed and hope of salvation on the simple truths of Scripture. An extreme degree of simplicity in their form of worship,

and a very strict rule of moral conduct are generally enjoined ; for that greatest boon of humanity the free circulation of the Bible among all classes in England, renders it impossible to win proselytes to any system that does not aim at advancing religion and morality.

France
On the other hand, the religious enthusiasts of young Gaul, being altogether unacquainted with the Scriptures—thanks to the assiduous industry of their priests and rulers, who withhold the Sacred Volume entirely from the laity—have been obliged, in forming the machinery of their new creed, to resort to tradition and the resources of a fertile imagination. Aware also of the predilection of their compatriots for the marvellous, novelty, and theatrical display, a host of superior and subordinate heavenly spirits are made to play their respective parts in their strange system of Polytheism. Then if the doctrine is mystical and obscure, so much the better—there is the more scope for faith ;

and should the founder be a poor, uneducated peasant—a stranger to the arts and wiles of a priest—success is the more certain.

Our readers may judge for themselves of the truth of what we have advanced, if they examine the religious tenets now inculcated in France by the new sect called the *Œuvre de la Miséricorde*, or the *St. Esprit* brotherhood, which it appears originated in the fertile brain of a peasant in Normandy, and, we presume, having been found attractive, was eagerly seized upon by a society of intriguing priests.

Without entering into the tedious account of the Norman peasant, respecting the incomparable glory of the Son of God as he appeared to him in the midst of myriads of angels chanting hymns of peace and salvation to all mankind, we will merely say that, according to his own account, he was invested with a dignity similar to that of Melchisedek, King of Salem ; that is to say, he was anointed by Jesus Christ

on a fine summer's night, in the year 1840, as His High Priest and Prophet, with power to perform miracles and prophesy to the world, together with the faculty to discover through his visions the elect who were to bear about their person the stamp of the Holy Ghost, which he terms *stigmates sanglant*. Finally, he declared that it was given to him, the chosen instrument of Divine Grace, to raise up a more spiritualizing system of religion for the redemption of mankind, than that of the old religion of Christ, which having performed its mission was now to pass away from the earth !

The name of this audacious French fanatic, while he exercised his profession of baking bread at Tilly-sur-Seulles, in Normandy, was Pierre Michel Vintras ; but since he has taken upon himself the task of regenerating mankind, he has assumed the more imposing appellation of the Oracle, and it must be confessed he has displayed a mind of no ordinary invention and

genius, in forming his peculiar religious system, and exhibited in his public orations an eloquence, and a force of reasoning in his writings, altogether incompatible with his humble position in life, but which of course his followers attribute to inspiration.

His most popular work, the "Livre d'Or," a mystical and seducing book, in the words of the Abbé André—a bitter enemy of the new creed—*une des plus séduisantes qui aient paru*, is well adapted for enthralling the mind of a people who, instead of searching for the truth in the plain words of Scripture, are led away by the plausible reasonings of the first clever enthusiast they happen to meet with, has become the organ of faith to his followers. The fanatical tendencies of this religious sect may be inferred from the following summary of their principal doctrines of faith.

"The nature of man," says our modern High Priest and Prophet, "consists of the immortal soul of a rebellious angel thrust out of

heaven, invested with a corruptible form, and doomed to suffer from age to age till repentance and works of grace have washed away the sin." He then tells us that the Church of Christ, originally intended by a merciful God to work out the redemption of mankind, having become through the errors of its pontifical, episcopal and clerical rulers a trunk without life, a body without a soul, over which the whole angelic host of heaven hath long wept, has been replaced by the *œuvre de la miséricorde* (a work of mercy), emanating from the Holy Ghost, of a more spiritualizing nature, and more speedy and effectual than the old system of redeeming the souls of the rebellious race. Hence, according to the religious system of Pierre Michel Vintras, the reign of the Church of Christ by divine command has passed away, and that of the third person in the Blessed Trinity commenced, of which he is the Oracle ! and to whom all power has been given to invest His ministers and apostles with their sacred

mission, and through the miraculous initiation of the Organe to work miracles, and hold converse in their spiritual visions with Jesus Christ, the Holy Virgin, saints and angels. But—

“No wild enthusiast ever yet did rest,
Till half mankind was like himself possessed.”

And strange to say, in looking over the pages of “*Vintras et sa Secte*,” the “*Voix de la Vérité*,” the “*Prophète Vintras et les Saints de Tilly*,” and other new publications for and against the doctrines of the new sect, we learn that they are rapidly multiplying. In addition to the Sovereign Pontiff, High Priest and Prophet, Pierre Vintras ! there is a Pontif de l’Adoration, the Abbé Baillard ; a Pontif de la Sagesse, the Abbé Charvos ; a Pontif de l’Ordre, the Abbé Madrolle, together with from twenty to thirty Pontiffs of the Regeneration stationed in various parts of France, nearly all of whom, with the exception of the Oracle himself, were formerly divines of the

Roman Catholic Church, who, having renounced the old creed, have become the most zealous propagandists of the new one.

Besides these pontiffs of the new creed, there are saints of either sex to be found in every part of France bearing on their persons the *stigmata sanglant* similar to that we described on Rose Tamisier, and which enables them to prophesy, see visions, work miracles, hold converse with celestial beings, grant absolution, and command the attendance of a guardian-angel! There are also convents of pious ladies, entitled "Les Dames libres et très pieuses de miséricordieux amour du Cœur divin de Jésus," who have also been miraculously consecrated and endowed with the same divine power!

Perhaps our readers will obtain a more correct idea of the rise and progress of the Vintrassienne heresy by perusing the work of the Abbé André, "Vintras et sa Secte," published at Carpentras in Provence in 1851.

"Peu à peu," he says, "la secte Vintrassienne

s'est glissée partout comme un cancer ; des hommes honorables des ecclésiastiques estimées se sont enivrés au dangereux calice et ont entraîné avec eux un nombre prodigieux de prosélytes." Again he says, according to the testimony of the last general council of the dignitaries of the Church held at Paris respecting this heresy. " Ces insensés osent répandre parmi le peuple des révélations comme leur ayant été faites par les anges, les saints, Jésus-Christ lui-même, des visions et des miracles ; ils osent entreprendre de former un nouveau collège d'apôtres composé de laïques, et annoncent dans l'église de Jésus-Christ un troisième règne, qu'ils ne craignent pas d'appeler le règne du Saint-Esprit !"

In vain, he says, the doctrine has been condemned by the late Pope Gregory in his mandate to the Episcopi of the Gallic Church in 1843, a condemnation repeated by his successor, the present Pope, dated 10th of February, 1851, the heresy still increases.

The same clear-sighted, intelligent divine, the Abbé André, after accusing this sect of being the instigators of all the pretended miracles and visions of the Virgin, saints and angels, which have of late years drawn down upon France the contempt of the surrounding nations, reprobates in no measured terms the countenance given by certain fanatics of his own Church to such juggleries. He also remotely alludes in his work to one singular fact, that the new creed from the first has been secretly encouraged by certain high dignitaries of the Church of Rome, and influential members of the *haute noblesse*, well known for their ultramontane opinions. Perhaps it was done with a hope that a system of discipline, possessing the attractions of novelty and mystery, might make its way among a people so indifferent to their sacred duties as the French!

Be this as it may, the public mind in France has been chiefly indebted to the trial of Rose

Tamisier for a clearer insight into the tenets of this new French mania, whose fanatical tendencies had been hitherto enveloped in mystery. It is also singular that several of its most ardent supporters have been found in the ranks of the Jesuits, such as the Abbé Leopold Baillard, the Abbé Charvos d'Orelle, and the Abbé M. Madrolle, men who, so long as they continued members of the Roman Church, were celebrated as some of the most popular preachers and ecclesiastical writers of the day, intolerant of every other creed as they were energetic in advocating their own, and manifesting in their writings and lectures all the extravagant bigotry and fanaticism of the dark ages. As might be expected, these fanatics have carried with them into their new creed the same fire-brand spirit of intolerance, imprecating in the pages of their organ, the "Voix de la Vérité," as they formerly did in those of the "Univers," the organ of the Jesuits, all earthly woes and eternal damnation

upon those who dare to combat the truth of the new light, which has so suddenly burst upon the world !

Before we conclude our notice of this new French mania, we must mention one of the most remarkable dogmas of the sect, a belief in the *Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary*, who they maintain to have been born without sin, and equal to God the Father ; and singular enough the present Pope has confirmed this extraordinary dogma of the Vintrassiennes by his late *encyclique* mandate to the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, relative to this article of faith, which has caused, says the Abbé André, great rejoicings among the followers of the miraculous Organe ; and he might have added—to which we can testify—the deepest regret to every enlightened member of the Roman Catholic Church, who now can have no confidence or security as to what his Church may admit or reject in his creed, since he cannot

regard the writings of the Evangelists as the oracles of his faith, but the *fiat* of a mere mortal like himself. And here again to prove the truth of this feeling—at least among a portion of the clergy of the Gallic Church—we must quote another passage from the work of the same intelligent divine.

“Aussi, qui n’a été témoin de la joie des sectaires vintrassiennes lorsque Pie IX. adressa, l’année passée, son encyclique aux évêques relativement à cette croyance—l’immaculée conception de la Sainte Vierge ! Les temps s’avancent ! se disaient-ils pleine de joie ! La prophétie va s’accomplir ! L’heure du règne du Saint-Esprit est proche ! Heureux alors ceux qui auront ouvert les yeux à la lumière !”

We cannot explain this passage of our author, the Abbé André, in any other way than that he accuses the Pope, as openly as any divine of the Roman Catholic Church dare do, of having caused a dogma, which originated in the inventive brain of Pierre Vintras, an

ignorant peasant of Normandy, to be received as an article of faith. Hence every member of the Roman Catholic Church must now believe, not in the Trinity, but in the Quadrinity. If to this we add the miraculous appearance of the Virgin on Mount Salette, acknowledged as a fact by the same high authority, the spiritualizing system of vision-seeing, miracle-working saints, and the theory of development so much dwelt upon in the writings of the St. Esprit brotherhood, and openly advocated by so many divines of the Roman Catholic Church, the suspicion is excited that the religious enthusiasts of the miraculous Organe have at length found favour at the Vatican, or at least some of their tenets. Besides, if there were no other reason, the bitter animosity they display towards the Reformed Church, the most dangerous enemy of the spiritual power of the Pope, would be certain to entitle them to some consideration.

In a country like France, where the bubble of to-day is succeeded by the bubble of to-

morrow, we must expect changes now and then to take place in the religious as well as the political feelings of the inhabitants; but the French people, taken in the mass, are far too shrewd to yield implicit credence to any monkish fiction or religious theory not based upon common sense. They may, like every other people accustomed to surrender themselves to a sudden impulse, be led away by the excitement of the moment, they may applaud the legerdemain tricks of a clever charlatan at one time, and perhaps at another, on the mere turn of a feather, consign him to the lamp-post.

But when we see these worse than childish follies, these delusions of a bygone age, revived in France by those ingenious jugglers and charlatan priests of the miraculous *Organe*, attempted to be introduced into Protestant England—when we read in the “*Rambler*,” and other ultramontane publications, an account of such absurdities, and find them acknowledged as miracles by an educated Anglo-Saxon gentleman from the

pulpit of a Roman Catholic church, in the nineteenth century, we cannot find words sufficiently strong to express our sorrow. We know there are mad priests in every country, and half-witted individuals to be found in every class and rank of life, sufficiently credulous to believe any fiction, however absurd; but we could not have believed that any part of the British Islands could furnish a congregation so utterly destitute of common sense as to listen, much less to give credence, to such a tissue of fabulous inventions.

In making these observations, we have not been actuated by any other desire than to point out the mischief committed by these imprudent zealots, who, bearing the character of ministers of Christ, teachers of morality, do more to weaken the faith of man in a creed that requires neither miracles, visions of Madonnas, saints, and angels, to substantiate its heavenly origin, than the writings of Voltaire, or any other infidel, since the commencement of Christianity.

Besides which, they expose the religion they profess to honour to the contempt of every enlightened mind. Had they journeyed into those lands, as we have done, where such fictions have been made to pass current for truth from time immemorial, they would find infidelity in a greater or less degree pervading all classes of society; and the churches deserted, except by peasants and a few old men, women, and children.

If England, high as her position is, both intellectually and morally, is to be blest with such teachers as these apostles of signs and wonders, and listens to them, it does not require the gift of prophecy to pronounce that she will rapidly decline in all that now elevates her as a nation.

Having commenced our inquiry into the state of religion in France, we should leave our work incomplete, did we not allude to that mysterious association of clever intelligent men, the clergy of the Gallic Church; who may now

be considered, owing to the part they so admirably acted in the great drama of French politics, an element of power almost irresistible in France.

If we except a few individuals belonging to the higher classes of society, who are destined through family influence to fill the high dignities of the Church, the majority of the clergy are selected from the peasantry, who receive in most cases a gratuitous education, and even in many instances food and clothing, at the expense of the numerous monastic establishments which we find in every part of France. Thus indebted for their maintenance and elevation from the lower ranks of society to the Church, they feel grateful to a system which has rescued them from penury and labour, and made them instructors of men.

It is owing partly to this feeling, and partly to the system in which they are educated, that, from the hour of their ordination, they renounce all the ties of home and kindred, centre their

affections entirely on the Church, whose servants, nay slaves, they are; and acknowledge no law, submit to no jurisdiction, save that of their own spiritual chief. Hence they form a society of active, energetic men, more perfectly organized than any other existing in the world; a mighty engine, which can be directed by a superior mind for the furtherance of any great political object that may tend to the advancement of the interests of the Church.

Although the salary allowed by the French Government for the support of the clergy is trifling, the private revenues of the Gallic Church, when estimated collectively, are enormous. Money being regarded as a means of power, the priests, and many of the orders of brotherhood, are permitted to engage privately in commercial speculation, by means of which they acquire immense influence, not only by their wealth, but by their intercourse and dealings with the working and trading classes, whose creditors, as money-lenders, they fre-

quently are, particularly the agriculturists. This, superadded to the power they possess over the conscience as spiritual directors, gives them a control over their fellow-men almost absolute.

Misfortunes have taught them caution : remembering the excesses of the first Revolution, in which they were the greatest sufferers, they sustain with great skill their character in the different political dramas of which France has been the theatre ; and ever bearing in mind the wise injunction “ render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” preach obedience to the laws, and submission to the chief of the state for the time being. At the same time they never lose sight of the interests of the Church, and are everywhere the invisible agents that direct, and give life and vigour to every new movement which may tend to consolidate their own power.

Far-seeing, and intimately acquainted above every other class of mankind, with all the failings and secret springs of human nature,

they are prepared for every contingency ; at one time truckling to despotism, at another the warmest advocates of democracy, according as expediency shall dictate ; they neither slumber nor sleep when the interests of the Church are to be advanced, and carry out their plans with such consummate ability and profound secrecy, that their very enemies—and they are numerous in France—are unable to obtain any clue to the web they so unceasingly weave, or any proof that shall convict them of conspiring against the liberties of their country.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from France, has given rise to a greater evil—the perfecting of the existing system ; so that France, in the present day, instead of having to combat the machinations of one sect, the disciples of Loyola, feels that she is controlled by a power that directs the movements alike of the government and the people. Without the powerful assistance of the Church, Louis Napoleon would never have been able to ascend the slippery ladder

by which he gained the dignity of President ; and if report speaks true, and I have heard the fact vouched for by many persons whose veracity I could not doubt, the Church furnished him with the money that enabled him in the first instance to corrupt the military, and trample on the liberties of the French people ; affording another evidence that neither France, nor any other country can acquire freedom, or preserve it, where the religion of the state is Roman Catholic : a religion that shuns the investigation of the enlightened mind, and the power of whose priests is based on the ignorance and superstition of the masses, cannot exist with liberty—one or the other must fall.

The drama that is now acting by the President, and his clerical supporters, is amusing to the spectator who has some knowledge of what is passing behind the scenes ; each has made the other a stepping-stone to power ; and Louis Napoleon must be aware, there cannot be any real sympathy between him and a class of men

whose motto is divine right, and who can never hope for peace until the heir of their ancient kings is again seated on the throne of France.

Up to the present time, Louis Napoleon has dealt to himself both trumps and honours, but everything depends upon how he plays his game: his opponents are insidious and wary, and the slightest mistake on his part may send him to seek his old quarters in London; but so long as he holds the Pope a prisoner in Rome he has nothing to fear. Thus we may perhaps, for several years to come, see this unhappy country a prey to civil dissensions, the great mass of the people at the same time ignorant of the real origin of the evil. They may change their rulers, and their civil institutions, without improving their condition, unless Providence raises up some bold, enlightened chief, gifted with sufficient energy and possessing the confidence of his fellow-men, to carry out the work of reform in the Church. Unless this is done, there can be no peace in France, no moral and true religious feeling among the people.

All secret societies are dangerous to the tranquillity and well-being of a country ; but one composed of ecclesiastics more than any other. The social compact of the priests, now so closely united, must be torn asunder ; they must be compelled to live like other men, assume the duties of domestic life, and become members of the social world. The pastor who has his wife and children, like the divines of the Reformed Church, would not, even if he had the power, conspire against the liberties of his country, for in so doing he would be entailing slavery upon those nearest and dearest to him.

Still let priests and their abettors, the despots, manœuvre as they will, the French people, with all their frivolity and love of change, are far too enlightened, and we may add, too indifferent in their religious opinions, to remain the willing slaves of an ultramontane priestly faction. In a country where genius, and the arts and sciences are worshipped, ignorance and superstition can never find a permanent resting-place. The

great people, who only sixty-three years ago, rose up from the degrading bondage of serfdom, and with one mighty and combined effort burst their chains and proclaimed the rights of man, civil and religious freedom, to the world, can never be slaves. Again, were there no other guarantee to insure the ultimate triumph of free institutions, there can be no real retrograde movement in an age that can boast of more talent and intelligence, to advance the progress of mankind, than the world ever before witnessed.

In short, the reaction that has taken place in France, and in every continental state in Europe, is nothing more than what might be expected, after such a terrible upheaving of the nations in their attempt to destroy the power which had crushed them for centuries. The men of the past, the despots and their minions, the priests, foresaw the crisis, and trembled; and in their agony determined to destroy the movement while it was yet in its

infancy. The enterprise was formidable, nay, dangerous, and to obtain their object it was necessary to pursue a tortuous and obscure path. Parties of whatever shade of political opinion, were kept alive and placed in hostility towards each other ; and while they enlisted in their cause the bold and penniless adventurer, the timid and wavering were frightened by cries of socialism, red republicanism, the guillotine, and all the horrors of a universal Jacquerie, which was again to reduce the civilised world to the darkest state of barbarism.

The drama was admirably played, and in selecting France as the stage—a country that influences every other on the continent—and Louis Napoleon as the principal actor, because hallowed by the *prestige* of a name, they showed their tact and wisdom. For the moment they have triumphed. A well-arranged system of deception has succeeded ; but let them beware, the rebound is certain to come, and certain to

prove fatal to a party which has nothing in common with the great age in which we now live; and unless they provide against the next revolutionary deluge by timely reforms, their doom is for ever sealed !

CHAPTER VI.

Tour through Provence—Cannes and Lord Brougham—English residents—The benefits they confer on the inhabitants—Route from Cannes to Nice—Description of Nice—Its advantages as a place of residence—The good effects of a constitutional government.

AFTER this long digression on the moral and religious state of France, we will resume our tour, and transport our readers at one step from the romantic village of St. Saturnin to Marseilles, on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. The reader, however, will lose nothing by this very rapid transit, since there are no interesting objects to describe in a district which presents nothing more attractive

to the eye of the traveller than a succession of barren rocks, dreary wastes, and sandy plains ; and this continued with little intermission till we arrived in the country between Marseilles and Nice, decidedly the most fertile, romantic and picturesque part of Provence.

With the exception of the line between Avignon and Marseilles, the rail has made no progress in the land of the troubadours ; hence the old clumsy diligence, with its rope traces and smart conductor, is here found in all its ancient glory. This, however, was rather an agreeable variety to the traveller, whose object was to see the country ; and taking my place on the summit of the imperial, I was enabled to enjoy, to my heart's content, a succession of the most charming landscapes, presenting, as we rolled along, an alternation of mountain, hill, glen and valley, with now and then a distant view of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Noble forest trees were to be seen intermingled with the arbutus and the

holly, the myrtle and other flowering shrubs, growing luxuriantly on every height, and groves of cork-trees, the mulberry and the olive on the shelving sides of the hills; and to judge from their immense size and time-worn trunks, they might have been planted when the lordly Roman ruled the land.

In some favoured situations even the orange and the citron reared their head in defiance of the withering mistral, but they appeared too sickly to be of any other use than for the purposes of the laboratory. Indeed the whole of this district appeared to be peculiarly favourable to the culture of every species of plant, herb and shrub employed by French ingenuity in the fabrication of the numerous perfumes and cosmetics for which that people are so justly celebrated.

The lofty houses and narrow streets, abounding with filth, of the little towns and burghs through which we passed, together with the sharp, expressive Greek and often Moorish

features of the inhabitants, all combined to remind one of Spain. But, alas! in a country like this, where there is so little progress, with the exception of Marseilles, Toulon, and one or two other towns, favourably situated on the coast, there was no evidence of commercial activity, or of increasing prosperity—no elegant modern buildings to replace the old gloomy structures that looked as if they had been erected in the days of the good old King René. It is true the village maiden, with her soft eye and graceful figure, might still be seen tripping along the highway, but no appearance of a descendant of the ancient troubadours, those wandering minstrels of Provence, whose poetry and music influenced so favourably the progress of civilization in the dark ages. If the rule of the Gaul has driven them from the land, he has been unable to banish the beautiful and poetical language still preserved by the people: even those acquainted with French rarely employ it, unless when holding converse with strangers.

In these unromantic days we must admire the homage rendered to the Muses, at the time when King René preferred courting their smiles to the state and pomp of a throne! Surely Provence must then have been a little Eden, when every great city had its courts of love, and gallant knights acknowledged no other sovereign than beauty. Who has not heard of Geoffry Rudel, who died for love of his fair mistress, the Countess of Tripoli? Of our own lion-hearted Richard and his faithful Blondel? Of Berenger, and the celebrated Countess of Champagne? Alas! how many broken hearts might be prevented, if these courts of love still existed, to exercise their powers! At least they would be more appropriate tribunals to abjudicate such matters than the time-consuming, money-wasting proceedings of Doctors' Commons!

We remained a day at Cannes, a place but little known even in France before Lord Brougham adopted it as an occasional residence. It has now become a little port, and promises

to be one of the prettiest towns in Provence. The situation is admirable, and the country in its immediate vicinity romantic and picturesque; and were it not subject now and then to a visit from the dreaded mistral, it might become a dangerous rival to its more healthful neighbour, the beautiful Nice.

English gold and English enterprize have wrought their usual wonders at Cannes, as elsewhere in the land of the Gaul, where the wandering islanders have pitched their tent. Castles and villas have sprung, and are springing into existence, moulded according to the fancies of their owners, who, it must be confessed, in the erection of some of their dwellings appear more solicitous to eclipse the neat, unpretending cottage of his Lordship, who may be considered the founder of modern Cannes, than to display architectural taste and skill. "There," said my Provençal guide, pointing to a vast edifice, with its velvet lawn, pleasure-grounds and gardens filled with the rarest exotics, orange-trees and

myrtles, "is the residence of one milord million-aire, marchand de carosses à Londres. There," said he of another, "is the residence of milord millionaire, fabricant de quincaillerie ; and that immense château, with its battlements and towers, is being erected for a milord prêtre Anglais !"

The advantages derived from so many wealthy residents are everywhere visible ; and the pleasing sight of the neat, comfortable cottages of the peasants gave us great pleasure, affording another evidence of the law of progress, which tends to improve the character of man, however degraded, by inciting him to industry, and awakening in him elevated feelings of morality and self-dependence.

Our quick-witted, loquacious Provençal seemed to have read our thoughts when he exclaimed : " Ah, Monsieur ! if our millionaires had but a tithe of the public spirit and active enterprize of your opulent countrymen, by employing the people and imparting to them

a better system of education and religion, we should hear no more of socialism and all the other evils which now afflict unhappy France. Previous to the arrival of Lord Brougham, our Cannes, that you now see so flourishing and adorned with stately buildings, was nothing better than a nest of miserable paupers, as disgustingly filthy in their persons as they were steeped in bigotry and superstition. At present, thanks to the enlightened liberality of your countrymen who have settled among us, our poor peasants have been taught to read and write ; you will, moreover, find a Bible in every house, and we are all gradually becoming a strictly religious community, as remarkable for morality and industry as we were before for vice and destitution."

What an example is this to the opulent classes in France, if our neighbours are ever to profit by anything that emanates from *perfidie* Albion ! Instead of residing on their estates, employing the people, and spread-

ing among them enlarged ideas of civilization, they fritter away their valuable lives like butterflies in the sunshine of fashion, or hoard their wealth like misers; and if they do exert themselves in one thing more than another, it is to countenance and enforce belief on their ignorant countrymen of the miracles and wretched superstitions of a host of miserable actors and actresses, who have no other object than that of reducing the people of France to the most degraded state of religious superstition and political slavery.

After leaving Cannes, every step we made in advance, the landscape continued to improve in picturesque beauty. We were fast approaching the classic ground of Italy, and this continued till we got to Nice, with its lofty mountains, vine-clad hills, luxuriant gardens, and beautiful bay, all glowing with the many-tinted hues of an autumn sun.

How the world has changed! Only a few years since, we found it as difficult to gain an

entrance into Nice as if we were about to invade the dominions of the autocrat of all the Russias. Such an inquisitorial examination of our passport, such a search through our baggage after religious and political works, as if the throne of His Majesty of Sardinia, and the Roman Catholic religion, was in danger of being overturned by the ghost of a Bible or a liberal publication finding admission into his dominions. And when, having surmounted all these obstacles, and entered the town, you beheld the streets filled with long-coated priests and soldiers, marching and countermarching with fixed bayonets, as if an army of Lutherans were besieging it.

Happily all this is now changed, and truly if we were to search on the continent of Europe for some spot where in these troublesome times a man might hope to repose in security and peace, it is at Nice, whose inhabitants enjoy all the blessings of rational liberty, under the rule of a constitutional monarch.

Nice as a residence combines many advantages; the extraordinary mildness of the climate during winter recommends it to the invalid, its cheapness and luxuries to those with whom economy is an object: besides which, thanks to the enlightened administration now pursued in the States of the King of Sardinia, a native of free England can enjoy his newspaper of whatever shade of political opinion, or order any work he pleases from his publisher, without fearing that it will be intercepted by a Jesuitical custom-house officer; and should he find the climate of Nice too warm during the summer months, he has only to transport himself to any of the pretty villas or sanitary establishments in the mountains, which he will find furnished not only with comfort but luxury.

Although our visit to Nice was very early in the season, we found every hotel and lodging-house crowded with visitors located for the winter, English, Russians, Germans, and, more

numerous than all, the French. These timid people, always creating evils where there are apparently none, and magnifying them when they exist, had flown to Nice as a refuge, because they were apprehensive of a dreadful outbreak of the socialist and red republican party; frightened, no doubt, by the ravings of Dr. Véron, daily put forth in the columns of the "Constitutionnel" and other Paris papers in the pay of the Jesuits and Louis Napoleon.

The English, however, made the greatest show of wealth and luxury; and, if we might judge from their appearance in the reading-rooms and on the promenade, they were attracted to the beautiful Nice more in pursuit of novelty and amusement than health. They occupy almost exclusively a large and popular faubourg, La Croix de Marbre, with its pretty gardens extending down to the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Here everything is English to the sign-board over the shop

door. Here we find the English Protestant church, the residence of the clergyman, the physician, and the chemist, which we may always take as evidence of the existence of an English community on the continent; and Nice must be a favourite, since we found the shops displaying English wares of every description, from the woollens of Yorkshire and the cottons of Manchester to a biscuit and a reel of cotton.

The residence of the English on the continent, although perhaps they are not actuated by any such benevolent intention, has undoubtedly produced a very beneficial effect upon the manners and habits of thinking of the people among whom they may live, as they invariably preserve to a great extent their own tastes, habits, feelings, and prejudices; they therefore in some degree impress their opinions, and something of their character, upon the foreigner. We allude more particularly to their cleanliness, love of order, and respect for

religion; and as an Englishman never fails to express whatever he thinks, his hatred of tyranny, despotism, and bigotry, is very often communicated to his hearers, and may give rise to more important results than might be expected from such a 'cause. A taste for English manufactures is also widely diffused; for wherever there is a numerous gathering of our migratory countrymen, they generally obtain, at whatever cost, those productions of English industry which contribute to their comforts at home, and which consequently become known to and appreciated by the people among whom they are located.

In concluding our notice on Nice, it is highly pleasing to an English traveller to record, that nearly all the improvements he so much admires in the town, have been effected through the agency of a society of philanthropic Englishmen, occasional visitors, and residents here, many years since and at a time when a most severe famine prevailed in the country, and which otherwise

must have caused the death of hundreds of the poor inhabitants of the town and the surrounding district, who for want of work could not procure bread.

Beautiful autumn having terminated her reign, winter commenced with an almost incessant deluge of rain, which speedily converted every tiny river, stream and rivulet in the surrounding hills and mountains into foaming cascades, rushing onward to the Varo, which here forms the boundary between France and Italy, now become a mighty torrent of deep muddy water, staining the clear blue waves of the Mediterranean to a distance of several miles. We also had occasionally snow and sleet, which, falling on the golden fruit of the sweet South, the orange and the citron, the cactus and the palm of the burning soil of Asia, presented a beautiful contrast, and might suggest to a poet the idea of winter pillowed on the bosom of summer. Still the weather was as mild as that of autumn in England.

A succession of rainy weather having most maliciously put an end to my rambles through the lovely valley and mountains of the romantic country in the vicinity of Nice, I determined to continue my tour to Genoa, over the bold range of the maritime Alps, which guard the coast in this part of Italy, one of the most interesting and picturesque in the beautiful peninsula.

I took my place in the *corriera*, a species of *malle-poste*, having a very nicely fitted-up coupé, and a most commodious interior. Being always desirous of seeing the country when travelling, I felt much annoyed at finding the whole of the coupé engaged by a gentleman who would not allow his meditations to be disturbed by the intrusion of a stranger, while his servant occupied the place I coveted above all others, the cabriolet; I had therefore no alternative but to take the interior, where I fortunately met with agreeable companions, a French lady on her way to the Eternal City,

to join her husband, a major in the French army of occupation. She was accompanied by her daughter, a lovely girl in the first bloom of youth, and her *femme de chambre*.

Italy, even when politically tranquil, has ever numbered among her sons a few adventurous spirits, who prefer daring exploits on the highway, to a more sober and industrious mode of living. But in the present day, the numerous political refugees, hunted by the authorities from town to town, from mountain to mountain, too often without the means of procuring a loaf of bread, frequently turn brigands to supply their necessities. Even in the well ordered kingdom of Sardinia, the *corriera* and the tourist's carriage, are not unfrequently exposed to the attacks of these desperadoes; and in order to be prepared against any such disagreeable contingency, our guard, a gigantic, fierce-looking Italian, with a ferocious display of moustachios, carried a pair of formidable pistols and a blunderbuss.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Nice—Journey across the maritime Alps—Beautiful scenery—Travelling companions—Adventure at Oneglia—Italian towns—Arrival at Genoa—Sketch of its ancient and modern history—Illustrious men of Genoa—Increasing prosperity of the town.

WE left Nice at the dawn of day, and after winding up the steep sides of a mountain by a remarkably well-constructed road, paused on the summit to change horses, which afforded us an opportunity of enjoying one of the most beautiful prospects in this part of Italy. The blue waters of the Mediterranean were animated with the flowing canvas of the graceful Italian

felucca ; we had also a distant view of Nice, with its beautiful bay, and the Varo, which might be traced winding up through the hills, crowned with the vast range of the mighty Alps, now nearly covered from base to summit with a mantle of snow. Immediately beneath us in every glen, dell, and tiny valley, reposed little fairy-looking villages, in the midst of orchards of orange and lemon-trees, whose branches, loaded with the golden fruit, appeared in some places to be almost bathed with the waves of the sea ; while above us we had a chaos of rocks piled upon rocks till their snowy peaks mingled with the clouds. Such was the scenery alternately wild, or luxuriant, with the beautiful Mediterranean ever in view, that accompanied us during the whole of our route to Genoa.

Our road was also highly interesting : now ascending a lofty height, and then penetrating, tunnel-like, through the centre of a vast mountain of rock ; here connected by a bridge thrown from precipice to precipice, and there winding

along the edge of some projecting crag hanging over the Mediterranean, may be considered one of the greatest works of its kind in any age. We would, however, not recommend this route to the timid traveller; for although no actual danger exists with a careful driver, still the repeated ascending and descending, the dizzy heights to be crossed with the sea or some yawning gulf at a fearful depth beneath, might create uneasy apprehensions in persons unaccustomed to travel through such scenery. Again, there are rivers to be passed, and as there are no bridges they must be forded; these, it is true, are the merest rivulets in the dry season, but being in the immediate vicinity of a range of lofty mountains, a few hours of the violent rain of these countries, will suffice to swell them into dangerous torrents, which frequently sweep away imprudent travellers, with their carriages and horses, to certain destruction.

In consequence of the late heavy rains, we experienced some difficulty in crossing these

rivers, and in one or two instances, could not have accomplished it without the aid of the peasants, and an additional number of horses to drag us through the raging torrent, in one place nearly a mile in breadth.

My fair companions of the interior, whose object in travelling by land was to avoid the perils of the sea in a voyage from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, became terribly frightened on witnessing the various dangers that threatened them: here frightful precipices, there raging floods to be crossed; then the wild aspect of the mountains, and the possibility of encountering a band of brigands increased their fears considerably as the night set in, so that by the time we arrived at the town of Oneglia, no persuasions could induce them to proceed any further with the *corriera* which travels by day and night; at the same time hinting very politely and intelligibly, how thankful they should be if I could come to the same determination. The entreaties of such eloquent

pleaders, would have been irresistible, even if I had not entertained a secret wish to see, and admire with broad daylight, the magnificent scenery of the country through which we were about to travel.

The noise and bustle occasioned by taking down our baggage from the *corriera*, and the frequent repetition of those ominous words, "Ladri! Briganti!" in our altercation with the guard, at length aroused the attention of the *solitaire* of the coupé, who for the first time since we left Nice threw aside his breviary, and condescended to take some interest in matters appertaining to this world, and I was not more surprised than pleased when I heard him address his servant in the English language. The landlord of the hotel now made his appearance, and being anxiously questioned as to the reality of the danger, prompted no doubt by the hope of making a long bill in the morning, confirmed our apprehensions, with respect to the perilous state of the rivers and the demoralized condition

of the country ; at the same time, the guard, nothing loath to part with travellers who had already paid their fare, admitted, with a knowing wink to the landlord, that our fears were not altogether groundless.

This was conclusive, and we now saw added to our little travelling party at the inn, a tall, gentlemanly young man, about one or two-and-twenty years of age, habited in a most *outré*-looking garment, something between a Romish priest's *soutane* and a frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin. Although strikingly good-looking and intelligent, his features wore that melancholy expression we see in certain fanatics, who think that this beautiful world, with its manifold enjoyments, were given by a bountiful Providence to His creatures for no other purpose than to fret away existence, in prayer, gloom, and sadness.

A plentiful and well-served supper afforded us an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted, led to an agreeable *tête-à-tête* of

sufficient interest to test the mental capabilities of our fellow-traveller, who, although a stranger to the great world, proved himself to be a perfect gentleman in manners and conversation. He was, it is true, somewhat timid and reserved at first, but this gradually wore off ; and if angels, according to the poets, have succumbed to the fascination of lovely woman, the religious fanaticism of our enthusiast could not withstand the battery of two bright eyes, which seemed to play upon his handsome countenance with most murderous effect. As it was, we retired for the night with mutual congratulations, and a desire to continue the acquaintance, by engaging a *vetturina*, and travelling together during the remainder of our tour to Rome.

As no incident, however trifling, but has a moral, our little adventure at Oneglia, although it may appear insignificant in the journal of a traveller, proved an important event in the life of our *solitaire* of the coupé. We shall, there-

fore, without any further preface, relate the *dénouement* of our little episode.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that in the present day, when men's minds are more than usually occupied with religious subjects, and divided into factions about controversial points never to be decided, that we should meet with one of these polemical amateurs a prey to the misery of halting between two opinions, oscillating in his belief as to whether the truth lay on the side of Protestantism or Romanism; but now that a necessity had arisen for throwing off the restraint to which he had so long submitted, it was evident, from the manners, conversation, and gallantry of our young countryman, on reassuming his natural character, he was not born to be a monk. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the influence of French vivacity in the form of a fair demoiselle, and the eloquent dissertations of mamma upon the miseries of a life of celibacy, long fasts, and penance, had a marvellous effect in making him

forget his breviary, nor was it by any means wonderful that the *outré soutane* was quickly exchanged for a more becoming dress. The case, however, might have been different had he continued his journey to Rome undisturbed in the religious enthusiasm that then exclusively occupied his mind, where in all probability he would have entered the ministry of the Roman Catholic Church, and become either a monk or a missionary.

The affair did not end here, as I subsequently found when I met him at Rome mingling with the gayest of the gay, and laughing heartily at his former folly; and when I visited my amiable travelling companions, mamma gently hinted that the frequent visits of our recluse of the coupé, would probably terminate in a manner equally agreeable to all parties.

But to resume our tour. Having now a carriage entirely at our disposal, and the weather still continuing wet and stormy, with an occasional torrent to ford, it occupied us four

days in travelling between Oneglia and Genoa, passing through Albenga, Finale, Noli, Savona, Voltri. We could not but admire the stately majesty and beauty of many of the palaces, churches, and public buildings of these fine old towns of republican Italy, evidencing even in their decay the industry and enterprize of the Italians before they fell under the leaden rule of despotism.

Albenga, the first town we came to, with its towers, ramparts, churches and public buildings, forms a beautiful picture in the landscape. The Battistero—a little temple of the ancient Romans, remarkable for the simple beauty of the architecture—is said to have been built by the Emperor Patroclus, who it appears was a native of Albenga; and the ancient bridge over the Longa, to have been erected by Adrian. Although Albenga was subject to the control of its more powerful neighbour Genoa, it remained a flourishing republic till the advent of the French in 1805,

those hereditary enemies of the freedom and independence of Italy. Up to this time it elected its own consuls and magistrates ; and the inhabitants must have had strict ideas of morality, when the duty of one of its public officers was solely to watch over and maintain the most perfect purity of manners. Albenga, with its deserted streets and decaying houses, stands forth as an example of what a people may become when deprived of those liberal institutions that give life and energy to enterprise, industry, and commerce.

The cathedral, built of white marble, at Finale, the next town we passed through, is well worthy of a visit ; and no traveller, however indifferent to the beauties of nature, but must admire the surrounding country, lying like a little Eden on the shore of the Mediterranean, a perfect picture of fertility and abundance, where he sees the olive and the orange, and the choicest fruit trees of the most genial clime, mingling their varied foliage in the midst of

fields cultivated with the greatest care. But Finale wants a secure harbour to render it serviceable as a port ; with this advantage, it would become one of the most charming residences in this part of Italy.

On leaving Finale we visited a curious grotto, surrounded by the most picturesque and romantic rocks. From here to Noli, another of those little republics of Liguria that fell with Genoa, the road is carried along the edge of rocky precipices and yawning gulfs, presenting a series of difficult passes, in which the engineer, by the most herculean labour, has triumphed over the obstacles interposed by nature.

We passed the greatest part of a day at Savona, still a town of some consideration, and one of the most ancient in this part of Italy. It was known to the Romans under the name of Sabatuum, and had the honour of giving birth to the Emperor Pertinax, who conferred upon it many important privileges. In after days Sabatuum, like the other large and wealthy

cities of Italy, suffered from the repeated ravages of the Goths, the Vandals, the Gauls, and other barbarous nations. It rose again to great eminence during the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, when it became the occasional residence of some of the most powerful Popes of Rome, who were natives of this town. It does not appear, however, to have been at any period a great trading place ; and in the present day, its harbour wants depth of water to render it available as a commercial station.

Although description may be said to have exhausted its powers on whatever relates to the beautiful peninsula, and the general tourist finding that nearly every observation he would have made has been anticipated by his predecessors, feels inclined to let his note-book remain a blank ; still there is so much to admire, so many interesting objects continually attracting his attention, linked with historical recollections, that he is now and then tempted to communicate his impressions

of a country which nature and art have combined to render a terrestrial paradise.

On quitting Savona we had fairly entered the territory of a republic that had long disputed with all its rivals, even the powerful Venice, the trade of the world—the empire of the sea ; and which exercised so great an influence on the destinies of mankind, by spreading intellectual advancement and increased civilization among the nations. Stimulated by these interesting recollections, our admiration was excited by everything we saw, as we drew near to that once great emporium of commerce. If the unceasing industry and enterprize of the inhabitants of Venice succeeded in converting the reedy islands of the Adriatic into a city of palaces, their worthy rivals of Genoa may be said to have made an equally difficult conquest over nature, by transforming a chain of rocky mountains and unwholesome swamps into smiling fields, meadows, and orchards, where the orange and

the citron, the fig and the olive, with the palm and the cactus, and every species of flowering shrub and exotic, may still be seen rising up in all their rich luxuriance around marble palaces, which for beauty of design, taste, and splendour have been rarely or ever surpassed. There they remain, a lasting monument of the energy and public spirit of the Italian race, at that brilliant period in the history of republican Italy, when political freedom imparted a manliness of feeling to the actions of every-day life, and when every citizen, of whatever rank, was vitally interested in the advancement of his country's greatness, its prosperity, fame, and power.

The nearer we advance towards the capital of this once prosperous commonwealth, the more our sympathy and admiration is excited. We first pass through San Pier d'Arena, the most splendid faubourg, even now, of any town perhaps in the world, and then enter what may be termed without any exaggeration a city of palaces, rising one above the other like a vast

amphitheatre, from its capacious bay to the summit of the surrounding hills. London, now the emporium of the world's trade, with its rich citizens, wealthy aristocracy, and merchant princes, can show nothing in the present day equal to the magnificence of one of those private dwellings of an old Genoese trader.

How multiplied and interesting are the recollections called up in the mind of the traveller when contemplating the magnificence of this enchanting city, and what lover of the popular cause but must feel proud when he remembers that all this was the creation of a free people—the reward of industry and commerce.

The history of Genoa, and nearly all the towns of republican Italy, may be traced in the style of their private and public buildings, and in the laying out of their piazzas and streets. This is more particularly noticeable here, where we find the streets with few exceptions only sufficiently wide to be passable for a pack-horse, and so arranged in their various turnings as to

be able to prevent the advance or retreat of an enemy. Then the massive strength of the houses, with their narrow entrances and terraced roofs, have all been erected with a view to serve as a position of defence or attack. The private palaces of the nobility, and public buildings, whether in the town or in the environs, are all constructed in a similar style ; and we shall find on examination that the attention of the architect has been as much directed to this object—the military strength and arrangement of the edifice—as to convenience and beauty of proportion.

In fact Genoa, from its very foundation, has been not only subject to the attack of foreign enemies, and frequently taken and partly destroyed, but the theatre of the most sanguinary intestine wars—a continued struggle going on between the aristocratic and the democratic party for supreme power. Success sometimes inclining to one side and sometimes to the other, but generally so nearly balanced

that neither was able to crush the other. If the noble families of the Dorias, the Spinolas, the Grimaldis, and the Fieschis were rendered powerful by their great wealth, alliances, extensive possessions, and numerous serfs, their opponents the Guardos, the Adornos, the Montaltos, and the Fregosos, those great plebeian merchant princes, being supported by the people, held their adversaries in check, and frequently rose to supreme power in the state, and distinguished themselves equally in the senate, and as warriors by sea and land ; and to the credit of each party, they never forgot, however great might be their dissensions, their duty to their country in the hour of peril, even to the sacrifice of their own private fortune.

If the plebeian family of the Adornos rose to the highest rank in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and held the highest offices in the republic, and by their abilities as legislators, and courage as naval and military commanders,

immortalized that stirring period in the history of Genoa, the Dorias were equally great, patriotic and illustrious in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Again, if Andrea Doria delivered his country from the slavery of a French despot, and, like our own Anglo-Saxon of a new world, descended to the rank of a private citizen at a time when the gratitude of his countrymen would have rewarded his bravery with the tempting bauble of a crown, another Doria was found in the seventeenth century to place himself at the head of the people when they rose up against the Austrians who had obtained possession of Genoa, and with scarcely any other weapons than their knives and stones slaughtered four thousand of them, and compelled the remainder to save their lives by a timely capitulation.

Genoa, like the other republican states of old Italy, dates its origin from the fall of the Roman empire, when having placed itself at the head of a confederation of the free cities

and towns of Liguria, it continued to maintain its independence with more or less *éclat* as an important naval and commercial power down to the invasion of Italy by Napoleon, when pursuing the same ill-judged policy as Venice, neutrality, it fell an easy prey to the crafty Corsican; and on his fall, in defiance of all existing treaties, was handed over like a bale of goods to the King of Sardinia.

It cannot be denied that the rights of Genoa, as an independent power, were treated with utter indifference by our own minister, Lord Castlereagh, who appears not to have entertained any great love for republics. Now, however, that commercial enterprize, a constitutional government, an unfettered press, and popular freedom, have replaced the oppressive fiscal regulations, censorship of the press, and all the other arbitrary laws formerly in force in Sardinia, surely the reiterated complaints of the citizens of Genoa at seeing their free republic annexed to the dominions of a despotic priest-

ridden King will cease. Nay, we think they ought to be succeeded by congratulations, since it is evident, from the increased shipping, the commercial activity everywhere observable in the town, the renovating and repairing of so many old palaces, the number of fine hotels splendid coffee-houses, pleasure-gardens, and places of public amusement, which have so recently and so suddenly sprung into existence, that a new era of prosperity has dawned upon Genoa.

There are few towns in Italy that have produced more illustrious men than Genoa. Among these we must place in the highest rank Andrea Doria and the immortal discoverer of a new world, Christopher Columbus. Even in the present day, during the late unhappy insurrection, when the cry of Italian unity and independence flew from city to city, from state to state, there was no town in Italy that sent forth such a numerous host of zealous patriots, ardent warriors as Genoa, none that so lavishly sacri-

ficed life and fortune on the altar of a country's freedom. Among these, Guiseppe Mazzini has earned a high position, and although we may differ from him in thinking the republican form of government is that best adapted to the wants and wishes of the Italian people, a predilection so natural to a Genoese, yet his very enemies admit that few men displayed a greater share of courage and perseverance during the recent difficult and dangerous crisis. We must also accord him the praise of disinterestedness, since he devoted his whole life and patrimonial inheritance to further the cause of civil and religious freedom ; and when driven by French bayonets from his lofty station, as one of the triumvirs of the Roman Republic, he returned to the land of the stranger almost penniless.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mediterranean steamers—Arrival at Leghorn—
Some account of that town—Austrian police—
Insolence of Austrian officers—Civita Vecchia—
Annoyances of the passport system—Coasting voyage
—Passengers in the Neapolitan steamer—Swiss
officers and their recruits—Account of the Neapo-
litan and Sicilian insurrections—Dangerous tempest
—Arrival at Naples.

THE rain again commenced to pour heavily, and having received accounts that the roads between Genoa and the Tuscan States were flooded and the rivers swollen, we reluctantly resolved to take our passage for Civita Vecchia in the French steamer. The

fare was exceedingly high, and the accommodation by no means commensurate with the price we paid. A meal was never prepared but when the vessel was moving onward, and then the steward and his employers perfectly well knew that the majority of the passengers were too ill to partake of it. In addition to these paltry impositions, if the steamer remained at anchor in any of the ports we were charged exorbitantly for every description of refreshment, and this we found to be the general practice on board of all the French and Italian steamers in the Mediterranean.

On arriving at Leghorn, where we were detained upwards of four-and-twenty hours, partly from the violence of the wind, and partly from loading and unloading merchandise, our little party resolved to go ashore and see the town. But, alas! we found we had rushed into the hands of the Philistines; after satisfying the extortionate demands of the boatmen, ere

we had time to congratulate ourselves that we had safely landed, we were taken captive by an Austrian guard of soldiers, and driven like a band of galley-slaves at the point of the bayonet into a species of shed. Here we remained till the police had examined our passports, when, having come to the conclusion that we entertained no design of overturning the government of his Highness the Duke of Tuscany, they gave us permission to remain for the night in the good town of Leghorn, and for this civility we were forced to pay ten pauls each person ; a tax instituted, we were told, by the government, for the purpose of assisting to defray the expenses of the Austrian army of occupation !

These vexatious regulations—this arbitrary demand upon the purse of the traveller—this degrading system of espionage—this shameless violation of the common rights of man, to hold social intercourse with each other, are only a few of the evils that now oppress the inhabitants of

this ill-fated land, subject to the rule of princes, who, feeble and powerless, and absurd even in their tyranny, as we see here, are obliged to hire bands of foreign mercenaries to enable them to carry on the war they are continually waging against everything in the shape of civil and religious freedom ; and who, in proportion as they become unpopular with their subjects, appear to adopt new measures, more vexatious and hostile.

All this appears so strange and new to the English tourist who first lands in Italy, that he can hardly bring himself to believe such uncontrolled despotism could exist in any civilized country of Europe, in the nineteenth century, much less in the classic land of Italy : a country he had been taught to revere from his earliest infancy, as the birthplace of all that is great and glorious in literature, the arts, and sciences, and to whose highly-gifted sons the whole civilized world has been so deeply indebted.

We had just sufficient time to see Leghorn, which offers nothing attractive to the traveller who may be in search of novelty or the fine arts. Like Trieste, which owes its rise to the decline of Venice, Leghorn is indebted for its prosperity to the fall of Pisa, it having been formerly nothing more than a miserable fishing village, only remarkable for insalubrity and the poverty of its inhabitants. At present being a free port, and the only maritime entrance into the states of the Duke of Tuscany, it exhibits all the features of a flourishing mercantile town. The traders and merchants are principally foreigners, among whom may be found a considerable number of our own enterprising countrymen, and not a few of that migratory race, the sons of Israel, whose peculiar features never fail to distinguish them wherever they may be congregated.

The great points of attraction to the traveller at Leghorn, are the shrine of the Madonna di Montenero, the synagogue of the Hebrews, one

of the most magnificent in Europe, and the English cemetery, interesting, as being the burial-place of poor Smollett, who, by a singular coincidence, wandered from home to lay his bones among the hardy sailors of old England, whose chequered fortunes he so graphically and vividly depicted.

If we might judge from the formidable army of Austrian soldiers quartered on the good citizens of Leghorn, their loyalty to his Highness the Duke may be considered doubtful. Or, perhaps, as the exchequer at Vienna is said not to be in a very flourishing condition, it was deemed expedient to inflict the expense of maintaining a few thousand troops on these wealthy traders, lest the plethoric state of their purses should render them insolent and rebellious.

Be this as it may, if report speaks true, these guests, instead of showing their gratitude towards their hospitable hosts, treat them pretty much in the same manner as a Boyard in Russia

would one of his own serfs; and to make matters worse, it is said they are only following the example of their superiors, sanctioned by the highest authority. Now, as one fact is worth a volume of declamation, and what occurred one evening may be regarded as a specimen of the general conduct of the Austrian soldiery in Italy, we shall relate an incident that happened to two of our fellow-passengers, a Prussian officer and a French gentleman, who, like ourselves, had paid their pauls for permission to pass a night at Leghorn, and for the sake of amusement engaged a billiard-table at one of the coffee-houses. They had not been long at play, when a party of Austrian officers entered the room, and, presuming they were Italians, haughtily commanded them to resign the billiard-table. Our friends disregarded the insolent demand, when the intruders seized the balls, and violently striking their swords, with a coarse German oath, ordered them instantly to quit the room. This was too much for the

patience of the Prussian officer, who read them an indignant lecture in his own manly language on their duties as soldiers and gentlemen, when they retired from the room thoroughly humiliated. Still, with all the pride of fatherland, he did not forget to inform his hearers, as a palliation for their conduct, that they were not Germans, but Croats ; they were, however, Austrian officers, who, it appears, are not necessarily gentlemen.

It must be confessed, although I prefer travelling by land, with beautiful nature in all its varied forms, and a rapid succession of amusing scenes of men and manners to cheer me on my way, yet, after witnessing such an exhibition of arbitrary regulations and degrading espionage at Leghorn, I was not sorry to find myself again on board the steamer ; here at least there are no gendarmes, no police agents, no demands for passports, to tax a man's purse and patience.

On coasting along the famous isle of Elba,

our attention was attracted to the observation of one of our fellow-passengers, a French gentleman, who, having served in Algeria, and become somewhat inoculated with the fatalisms of Mahometanism, expressed an idea so original, which he declared the suggestion of the moment, that we cannon refrain giving it.

“Isles and islanders,” said he, “were interwoven with the destiny of Napoleon! He was born in the island of Corsica! He was sovereign of Elba! St. Helena was his prison and his grave! and he owed all his misfortunes to those islanders, the English!”

On losing Elba in the distance, we came in sight of Civita Vecchia, from whose time-worn bastions floated the cross keys of pontifical Rome, in company with the banner of republican France, despotism and democracy in friendly alliance; a conjunction so unnatural, and we believe never witnessed before, must certainly bode evil to either one or the other. A vast range of edifices erected in front of the port,

imparts an appearance of commercial activity to the little town, and might be taken by a stranger for warehouses and magazines, but, alas! on inquiry we found they had no better destination than prisons for political offenders and galley-slaves.

One work, however, has arrested and will continue to arrest the attention of every enlightened traveller, on his arrival at this old town—the double mole, through which we were now passing, constructed by Trajan, one of the best of the Roman emperors: a work so well designed and scientifically executed, as to have endured the wear and tear of seventeen centuries, and still serves and may continue to serve all the purposes for which it was intended, till the end of time. The ancient Romans showed great ability in planning and executing this sort of jetty, a system which has been imitated and improved by every succeeding maritime nation down to the present day.

On landing at Civita Vecchia, we found the

police myrmidons of the Pope far more courteous than those of his Highness the Duke of Tuscany, while his allies, the French, exhibited a commendable independence of spirit in disdaining to levy a tax on the purse of the travellers to assist them in supporting their troops, like poor Austria. Still I was doomed to vexation and disappointment. This time my unlucky passport was the cause, for although that indispensable document to a traveller in despotic countries may be signed and countersigned by the proper authorities, still he is not at liberty to ramble from the dominions of one petty prince to another, except by the route specified ; and my passport having been signed, through the carelessness of the commissioner at Genoa, to go to Naples by sea, there was no other alternative. It was of no avail that I endeavoured to tamper with the fidelity of the chief of the passport-office by the tempting sight of a dollar, usually so influential in smoothing similar difficulties. I was not only deprived of the

pleasure of continuing my tour to the Eternal City in company with my agreeable fellow-travellers, but obliged to submit resignedly to a few days' residence in this dull town, till the arrival of the next steamer bound for Naples.

On leaving Civita Vecchia we continued to run along a coast the most interesting in Italy, connected as it is with the most stirring events in the history of a people, who from a mere handful of refugees, gradually increased in prosperity and power, till subduing nation after nation, they gave laws to the world. When contemplating these little creeks, bays, and outlets of rivers, we might almost fancy that we saw the heroic warriors of Troy, with Æneas their chief, landing from their galleys among a rude and barbarous people. We might imagine the simple inhabitants almost worshipping the god-like strangers who had come among them so far elevated in intellect above themselves, submitting to their instruction with the docility of children till they had acquired

all the arts and knowledge of civilized life. Thus paving, as it were, the way for another warlike band—their brethren in race, the followers of Romulus and Remus, driven from their homes by a similar adverse fate, and who, having united together, fulfilled their mission in the great work of civilization, and then passed away, to be succeeded by a more youthful and vigorous race; actuated by the same desire of conquest, as if this were ordained by a wise Providence to be the most effectual method of carrying on the great scheme of civilizing mankind.

With few exceptions, the whole of the cabin passengers in the 'Ercolano' were natives of Great Britain, and included among them several persons of high rank, but more reserved and uncommunicative in their manners than that class usually are; probably one reason for the general constraint might be that we were on board a Neapolitan steamer, and fast approaching a land of spies. Happily I descried among

them a group of Swiss officers with whom I had previously travelled in France, in the steam-boats on the Saône and the Rhone. It is always a pleasure to meet with a former fellow-traveller, particularly when he is lively, intelligent, and communicative; and it must not be assumed that my gallant friends, although they had taken service under the petty tyrant of Naples, were men of illiberal opinions. On the contrary, they heartily detested despotism in any shape, but having entered into an engagement, and pledged their honour and fealty to the King of Naples for a certain number of years, as honest men, brave soldiers, and strangers to the country, its politics, and its interests, they could not acknowledge any other rule of conduct than to serve and obey.

They were now returning to Naples, having made a most successful foray after recruits among the mountaineers of Switzerland and South Germany; their first detachment being now on board, consisting of about a hundred

as fine, robust young fellows as you would find in any country, drinking schnaps, and singing their national songs, as regardless of wind and weather as if they were hunting the chamois on their native mountains.

My friends, who had been actively engaged in quelling the late insurrection in Naples and afterwards in Sicily, relieved the tedium of our voyage by relating many interesting particulars of that unhappy contest. It appears that the losses on both sides were fearfully severe, and the atrocities melancholy to relate. The Swiss knowing that defeat would expose them to utter annihilation, fought like demons; while the Neapolitan insurgents, excited to madness against their former butchers, now that they had arms in their hands, continued the murderous contest till grape-shot and cannon-balls strewed the streets of Naples with the dead and dying, and only retired from the contest when all hope of victory was at an end.

With the truth and honesty of the Swiss, our

friends acknowledged that a battle which lasted from eleven in the morning till the close of evening, maintained by a people unaccustomed to the use of arms, and against such an overwhelming force of troops of the line, and legions of lazzaroni half-mad with drink, had completely redeemed the national character from the stigma: "*Les Italiens ne se battent pas;*" and might have been attended with a different result, had it not been for the bravery and constancy of the Swiss, who continued to maintain their ground when the royal troops had taken to flight, and even then, nothing could have saved them from complete extermination, had not the Neapolitan officers succeeded in leading their men again to the charge. As it was, the 15th of August, 1848, will be long remembered as a day of sorrow and mourning by the citizens of Naples, and by the Swiss troops as the anniversary of a victory dearly purchased.

I was surprised to learn that nearly all the Swiss soldiers in the service of the King of

Naples, and who, it is intended, shall amount to eight thousand, have been purposely selected from among the peasants of the Protestant Swiss cantons and South Germany, the mistrustful monarch not even daring to confide his safety to troops professing his own creed. He probably fears that they might be corrupted in the confessional by the priests, who, it appears, had taken an active part in the late insurrection.

As may be supposed, the Swiss, who have so often by their fidelity proved the salvation of the despotic kings of Naples, are far better fed, paid, and clothed than the Neapolitan soldiery. They have their own chaplains, churches for celebrating divine service, and every precaution taken to prevent, as far as possible, any communication with the Italians.

Since enlisting in foreign service has been forbidden by law in Switzerland, it has become difficult to procure recruits. This is, however, done by Swiss agents, who smuggle them

across the Swiss frontier into the Austrian dominions, where they are met by other agents, whose duty it is to conduct them through Austrian Italy and those other Italian states under the influence of Austria, to Leghorn, where they embark in the Neapolitan steamers for Naples, thus avoiding by a circuitous and expensive route the constitutional states of the King of Sardinia, where they would run some risk, even if they were protected by the government, of being massacred by the people. Hence by the time they arrive at Naples each of these recruits, my friends assured me, costs in bounty money, travelling expenses, and other charges, fifty Neapolitan ducats, an enormous sum for a state with such slender means of revenue as that of the Two Sicilies. But what is this to a King whose throne depends upon the fidelity of his foreign troops, and without whose aid he would no doubt ere this have been driven to seek the shelter of England's hospitality?

After leaving Civita Vecchia, the wind, which had been somewhat fresh, accompanied with sleet and snow, increased towards evening to a complete hurricane, which continued without intermission till we cast anchor in the Bay of Naples; and truly in all my cruises, and they have been many, I rarely experienced a storm more violent, or one that exposed us to greater danger. This will be easily understood when it is remembered that the abrupt rocky coast and little islands of this part of the Mediterranean offer no refuge for a vessel in distress that can be depended upon, between the capacious harbour of Genoa, and the Bay of Naples. Civita Vecchia, with its narrow entrance and sunken rocks, is dangerous even in fine weather, and no vessel in a high gale of wind could attempt to enter Leghorn without some peril.

Happily our steam-boat was built in England of tough English oak, the machinery was in perfect order and of the best description, and

had for its engineer an intelligent Englishman. At the same time we cannot be too prodigal in our praise of the captain, a true seaman of the Genoese school, ever at his post, and with telescope in hand, on the look-out for danger.

It was indeed a fearful night, the darkness impenetrable, except the little light we derived from the glimmer of a lamp, and the phosphoric flashes emitted from the boiling surge that rose mountains high, dashing against the sides of our vessel with such terrific violence that it appeared as if her well-knit planks must eventually give way. Now on one side, then on the other, here ascending a mountain of foam, and again plunging into a raging abyss, the mighty force of the waves rendering the action of the paddle-wheels almost ineffectual ; and, as if to increase the terror of our situation, the lightning occasionally burst forth in a broad sheet of flame, revealing the rocky coast, tiny islands, in short, all the varied perils that surrounded us, while so fearfully loud was the

crash of the thunder as to overpower for the moment the roar of the sea.

It was pitiable to see the miseries of the passengers, many of them in a delicate state of health, on their way, perhaps, to make a last trial of the genial air of the south. Unaccustomed to the sea, they fancied at every lurch that the vessel had struck a rock and was going to pieces. The fond father or husband might be seen holding in one arm his almost lifeless charge, and in the other grasping some support to save him from being hurled like a foot-ball from one side of the cabin to the other. As it was, not a few, notwithstanding all their care, carried with them ashore marks of most cruel usage.

At length day dawned, and with it came some mitigation of our sufferings, but unhappily the first object that met our view was an English vessel from Newfoundland dashed to pieces on the rocks. We were more fortunate, for we shot safely through the cluster

of little islands that command the entrance to the Bay of Naples, and our danger was over. Still I feel assured that my fellow-travellers, even the boldest among them, will long remember the 20th and 21st of November, 1851.

CHAPTER IX.

Naples—Its origin—Its oppressive government—Sketch of Naples under the rule of the Spaniards and the French—Observations on the Government—The late insurrection—General discontent of the people—National character—Neapolitan beggars—Popular superstitions—Manners and customs of the people—State of religion at Naples—Total neglect of public instruction—Laxity of morals—Pantomimic communication.

IF novelty be admitted to constitute the principal source of pleasure to a tourist, there is no city in Europe where he will enjoy it more completely than in Naples and its beautiful environs. There is the magnificent bay with

its islands and mountains, its vine-clad hills, and groves of orange-trees, endless ruins of towns and cities, romantic excursions by sea and land, and to crown all, Vesuvius. If he should become weary of these, notwithstanding they are hallowed by the pen of Virgil, he may derive instruction and amusement from studying the character, customs, and manners of a people who exhibit many characteristics totally different from the inhabitants of the other parts of Italy.

A city so ancient as Naples, whose origin is lost in the fables of antiquity, is equally interesting to the antiquarian and the tourist. Some writers attribute its foundation to the Argonauts, under their chieftain Falerius, 1300 B.C. Others, to Parthenope, Hercules, and Ulysses. There cannot be a doubt but that the founders were Greeks, since we can even now trace in the religion and character of the people the same superstitions, quickness of intellect, and love of freedom that distinguished, and

still distinguishes, the Hellenic race in every part of the world. Even demoralized as they are in the present day, we see the same intense longing after distinction, the same restlessness and strivings, by fits and starts, to follow the great European movement, but always falling half-way, or sinking beneath the influence of religious intolerance, and political persecution—a despotism of church and state, against which, all the efforts of the enlightened patriot have as yet been unable to prevail.

To become more intimately acquainted with the causes which led to the demoralization and loss of public spirit in the Neapolitan people, formerly the most industrious, free, and enterprising in Southern Italy, we must take a slight review of their history down to the present time.

Without following the vicissitudes of Naples, before the rise, and during the might and power of ancient Rome, it is sufficient to say that, faithful to the traditions of its illustrious

founders, this city, with the surrounding territory, became a republic on the fall of the Roman empire, and maintained itself with great *éclat* against the repeated invasions of the barbarians, the Goths, the Lombards, and the Saracens, till the advent of the Normans in the tenth century. This warlike race having conquered the whole of Sicily, turned their arms against the republic of Naples ; the inhabitants, however, nothing daunted, continued to assert their independence with their usual valour, and might have worn out the well-known courage and perseverance of the Norman, had it not been for the treachery of Pope Innocent II.

In those days the Pontiffs of Rome were indeed independent princes, and knew how to wield not only the crozier but the sword, when Italy was in danger, and our warlike Pope, like a true patriot, hastened at the head of a large army, to the assistance of the besieged city; but having had the misfortune during the *mêlée* to fall into the hands of the Normans, the wily

priest purchased his freedom by investing their Prince Roger, according to the divine right of a Pope, with the sovereignty of Naples. In vain the republicans of Naples proclaimed to the world the perfidy of the Pontiff, in vain they sought to enlist a more faithful ally, to assist them in defending their rights; it was of no avail, the dreadful ban of the Church—excommunication—hung over them, unless they opened their gates and became the slaves of the Norman; and now suffering from famine, and without an army, for who would fight in those days against a decree of the Vicegerent of Heaven? they had no other resource than to submit; and thus perished, in 1138, the last and the most heroic of all the Grecian republics in Southern Italy.

From this time till the death of the last Norman Prince, Tancred, which took place about half a century afterwards, Naples and its territories remained in the possession of the Norman, when an era of devastating wars

and invasions commenced, perhaps unequalled in the history of any other state in Europe, originating in the arbitrary pretensions of the Pope to dispose of Naples as the patrimony of St. Peter. The arrogant Pontiff, in open violation of every principle of faith and justice, and to the utter desolation of that ill-fated land, at once set aside the right of succession in the princes of the House of Swabia, and transferred the sovereignty to Charles of Anjou, thus calling into the field two great powers, France and Germany, to decide by force of arms, not the equity of the cause—lineal succession, not the divine rights of the Pope—but the strength of the combatants. It is scarcely necessary to add, in that age of superstition, the Church again triumphed: Conradin, the rightful heir, fell a victim to his temerity; Naples was again taken and plundered, and Charles of Anjou became the sovereign, while his brother Louis, King of France, as a reward for his support, received the heavenly dignity

of canonization ! Hence the origin of the honour of Saint conferred on Louis of France !

The Christians in Turkey have a proverb, "Wherever the Sultan's horse hath trod, the earth bears no grass." The Italians, particularly the Neapolitans, with equal justice may say the same of the ground over which the stole of a Pope hath swept, for like the shade of the upas tree, everything sickens and dies beneath its influence..

On the extinction of the male line of the House of Anjou, which soon followed that of the Norman, Naples was again without a sovereign, and again became the theatre of war and bloodshed in the war of succession which now ensued between the princes of France and Spain. This terminated in the establishment of Spanish rule, not only in Naples, but in Sicily, and in Lombardy ; an event which sealed the fate of the whole of Italy, and left her as she now is, at the mercy of foreign rulers, foreign bayonets, and priestly despotism—a

thing to be preyed upon, divided, and transferred from one absolute prince to another, although he may be an utter stranger to the country, its laws, its language, and its institutions.

But to return to Naples. If we reflect upon the centuries of misrule, the accumulated calamities that befel this beautiful country, the blood-stained annals and rapacious violence of Spanish viceroys, the bands of Spanish Jesuits, or rather maniacs waving the torch of fanaticism over the unhappy land, we must be convinced that of all the tyrannic governments, the wrath of Heaven ever inflicted upon a people, that of Spain was the most intolerable. Can we then wonder at the state of moral degradation into which these people had fallen, when of all the inhabitants of Naples, the descendants of those gallant citizens who in a former age had distinguished themselves so highly for their valour and love of independence, one poor ignorant fisherman, Masaniello, alone had the courage to attempt the deliverance of

his country from a foreign tyrant, and must have succeeded, if a single man among his followers had sufficient mind and intelligence to guide the popular outbreak, so as to establish some species of administration before he was betrayed and sacrificed by Spanish gold.

By a singular combination of events, a comparative brilliant destiny to that of being a colony of tyrannical Spain now dawned after so many centuries of misrule upon this miserable country. The war of succession, to which we before alluded, if it assisted to ruin bigoted Spain, served to elevate Naples, which, in conformity to a decree of the great powers, was erected into a separate kingdom, and given to a prince of the junior branch of the Bourbons of Spain ; and although the Neapolitans were still the slaves of despotic rule, they were more equitably governed, and the zeal their new monarchs manifested in reforming the abuses of former governments, gradually

won the affections of their subjects, and the prosperity of the country might have gone on increasing if the French Revolution had not given birth to new ideas and opinions in a people who had been so long accustomed to regard their political condition with stoical indifference.

It is unnecessary to recal to memory the startling events of which Naples, and indeed the whole of Italy, now became the theatre, nor to describe the enthusiasm of a people for that man who every Italian felt proud to regard as a compatriot, and who everywhere facilitated the conquest of their country by popular insurrection. Again seduced by the tempting cry of "Viva la Republica d'Italia," it was but natural that their sympathies should be drawn towards a system of government associated as it was with everything that was great and glorious in the history of their country.

If the Italians paid dearly for their blind submission to Gallic rule ; if the whole wealth

of the country, even to its works of art, could not satisfy the rapacity of their new master ; if they were doomed to suffer insult after insult from a vain-glorious, ever-boastful and licentious soldiery ; if they saw their language banished from the public courts, and their country, and its nationality extinguished by imperial decrees ; still in a political point of view they were the gainers. The country passed by a rapid transition from the dull and death-like rule of priests and priest-ridden princes, to one of activity, enterprize, and warlike pursuits. The people aroused to a sense of their degradation, reformed, re-awakened, and redeemed society from the superstition of ages. Hence the mission of the Gauls, with respect to Italy was accomplished ; that of the Italians commenced, who now became aware, for the first time since the fall of the Roman empire, that an Italy existed, and only required the union of all her sons to take her place among the nations as one of the most powerful states in

Europe. This is the spell that has again recalled to Italy her former days of public life, and led to all the insurrections that have taken place in that unfortunate country down to the last outburst of 1848, and even threatened the rule of Napoleon in 1811. So great was the hostility and bitter feeling that then existed against a man who when it suited his views abjured his Italian origin, and not only mistrusted his countrymen, but deceived them by promises never intended to be realized, that had he been allowed to retain his ill-gotten throne, the day was not far distant when the whole of Italy would have risen against him, and asserted its independence. As it was, he found himself, up to the last moment, everywhere beset by Corsican and Italian conspirators, who only awaited a favourable opportunity to wreak their vengeance on him as a traitor to the liberties and independence of his country.

Be this as it may, there never was a fairer

opening to the princes of Italy of becoming popular rulers, than when they again assumed power; the people were heartily sick of the arrogance and military licence of French rule; they felt a glow of national pride on seeing themselves again the subjects of an Italian sovereign; even the foreign yoke of the Austrian was preferable. But it would appear that the lessons of adversity are entirely thrown away on princes. It might have been expected, on the fall of the usurper, that an entire change, one more in unison with the spirit of the times, would have taken place in the policy of the restored monarchs. No such thing: they returned to their thrones unchanging and unchanged, as if they had been entranced in a magnetic sleep during the twenty years the Corsican and his satraps ruled in their stead. The old machinery of government was replaced as if nothing had happened: the same legions of Jesuits and pampered priests were elevated to power; the same cringing cowards, who had

looked on their master's ruin and country's disgrace with utter indifference, became their warriors and statesmen; and to render the system of arbitrary government still more galling, whatever expedients the clever Corsican had invented for rivetting the chains of political slavery, were retained.

All this was bad enough, but when we are forced to add the utter absence displayed of all moral principle, the most solemn engagements violated—no right, no law, acknowledged but such as the strong can compel the weak to submit to—when we remember this, can we wonder that Italy has become the hot-bed of insurrection, and its princes the most unpopular of any in Europe? Perhaps nowhere more so than in the kingdom of Naples, whose rulers keep or abjure their oaths, according as danger or security render it expedient. This want of moral principle, this contempt for the sacred obligations of an oath, has been the immediate cause of all the recent insurrections which have

desolated this unhappy country and Sicily ; has engendered that feeling of hatred towards the rule of princes, that earnest desire in the people for some other system of government more worthy of confidence, more national than that of a perjured monarch.

Ferdinand of Naples may congratulate himself on his success in the late rebellious outbreak, which he entirely owes to the fidelity of his Swiss soldiers. Still the events of the 15th of May ought to be a warning ; and the example of a people badly armed, without any military chief to direct their operations, combatting from morning till night against an immense military force of native troops, hired mercenaries, and paid lazzaroni, amply testifies how desperate was the struggle, how determined their purpose, to obtain for themselves political rights.

The recollection of this horrible butchery—the massacre and pillage that succeeded, when a large and populous city was delivered up by

a vindictive monarch to the violence of a brutal soldiery, and bands of drunken lazzaroni—can never be effaced from the mind of a Neapolitan. And if we require any other proof how universal the hatred has become, and that the smouldering embers still burn of another furious outbreak, we have it in the acts of the government; in the clandestine enlistment and smuggling into the country of foreign mercenaries; in the army of secret police agents; in the conversion of the King's palace into a fortress; in those horrible dungeons, where thousands upon thousands of political prisoners are now pining away a miserable existence; and in the severity of every measure of the government to increase its reign of terror.

On taking a calm, unprejudiced view of the deplorable events that filled this unhappy city with mourning and bloodshed, we are forced to come to the conclusion, that it was entirely owing to the perfidy of the monarch, who, when he found his position sufficiently strong to

enable him to decide the question by force of arms, refused to fulfil his engagements with the constitutional party. This deplorable fact suggests many painful reflections in the mind of the traveller; and let us consider it in what light we may, we fear that this obstinate determination of princes to oppose the advancing spirit of the age prognosticates many and serious evils to posterity, and will give a sharper edge to the weapon of the revolutionist when the tocsin of insurrection again sounds its sanguinary appeal to arms. Nor can we feel surprised to learn that their exasperated subjects, so often deceived, having now lost all confidence in their ancient chiefs as the leaders of men in the great work of national regeneration, have turned their attention to the establishment of republics, as their only chance of deliverance from the arbitrary rule of a class with whom no oath is binding, and whom no adversity can teach.

The first impressions of a traveller from busy

England, on arriving at Naples, are by no means favourable either to the government, or the character of the inhabitants. He sees a fine open sea, a magnificent harbour inviting, as it were, the commerce of the world, but little or no appearance of that profitable industry he has been accustomed to behold in his own country ; and wherever he bends his steps, a population of lazy beggars importune him for even the smallest coin. This apathy, demoralization, and idleness, he ascribes, as many other travellers have done before him, to the enervating influence of a southerly clime, without reflecting that in former times the same climate nourished a people as remarkable for their energy and commercial activity, as for their valour and love of independence.

If, however, we examine the civil and religious institutions of the country, the causes are sufficiently apparent, without seeking for any other ; the system of chaining down the mind of the people is here so admirably or-

ganized by church and state, that we are almost tempted to believe no other race but this could so long have withstood its influence, or have refrained from sinking into absolute slavery, utterly unconscious of civil enfranchisement and public spirit. Yet in spite of all these difficulties, this people furnished a host of gallant patriots, ardently desirous of civil and religious freedom ; and notwithstanding the apathy of the ignorant multitude, the habitual sloth of the nobility, and the hostility of a powerful priesthood, compelled their King to grant constitutional liberty. Alas ! that we must add, the sceptered dissimulator,

“ Spoke the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope.”

In short, the vitality of a southern race like the Neapolitans, ennobled by that of the ancient Greeks, cannot be easily estimated by a northern mind ; beneath their seeming air of inert indolence and love of frivolous amuse-

ment lies a deep-thinking, restless spirit, which, when once aroused, aims at high and often impracticable undertakings. This desire of elevation has been especially active since the rule of the French who, in having broken down the power of the Church by sweeping away the monasteries with their lazy priests and all the illusions of miracles and priestcraft from the entire land, for the first time unchained the mind of the ignorant multitude, and awoke those yearnings after civil and religious freedom which has gone on increasing in strength with each succeeding generation.

Having now briefly alluded to the most striking events in the history of Naples, we will commence our observations, and leave the reader to draw his own inferences.

When we visited Naples about twenty years since, the population might be estimated at about four hundred thousand; we believe it reckons nearly the same number in the present day. With the exception of a better description

of hotels and lodging-houses erected here and there by speculative individuals for the reception of wealthy foreigners, the town appears to be but little changed. It is true, traces of the fatherly chastisement inflicted on his rebellious children by the bombarding monarch are still visible in the crumbling walls and shattered roofs of many of the houses, which, at least, do not suggest to the eye of a stranger any idea of improvement.

The nobility, never very wealthy—if we may judge from the shabby appearances of their palaces and country villas—have lost no inconsiderable portion of their revenue. Neither is there any great amount of costly luxuries in the shops to indicate a wealthy population. At the same time, the number of paupers, soldiers, priests, and monks of every order, have increased tenfold. Now, as then, there is the same rattling of caratellas and ringing of bells, drivers shouting, donkeys braying, oxen bellowing, goats bleating, ballad-singers screaming,

and itinerant friars expounding to the gaping multitude the last miracle performed by some wonder-working picture of the Madonna, with a hundred other cries uttered in every possible intonation of the human voice, forming altogether a deafening chorus that must be heard to be conceived.

Before concluding our picture of out-door life in Naples, we must not forget the Neapolitan beggar in his way the best actor in Christendom; a fellow that can laugh, cry, dance, and fall down in a fit almost at the same moment when it may suit his purpose; and that man must indeed have a hard heart who could pass one of these artists without dropping him half a carlino at least, as a reward for so clever a performance. In the mendicant friar we have another of these street performers, a most peculiar character, who, to his former trade of begging for the Church, has added an entirely new commercial speculation, and may now be seen loitering about the fashionable

quarters of Naples, inhabited by wealthy foreigners, on the look-out for some rich and pious devotee. The object of these benevolent *ciceroni*, is to offer to conduct him to some church or holy place where he will see a real miracle in full operation ; or for the good of his soul, they would willingly sell him some holy relic a great bargain ; perhaps the toenail of St. Januarius, or one of the arrows that shot St. Sebastian !

Poor people ! If only half the energy and ingenuity displayed by this brilliant imaginative race, to extract a few pence from the passengers, were employed in profitable industry, how different would be the aspect of the town, and what a change would it not create in their own social condition. Still, if we penetrate below the surface, we shall find that the mind of these people, so long brutalized by superstition and ignorance, is undergoing a most extraordinary change—we do not except even the lowest lazzaroni—a change which is certain to show

itself whether for good or evil in the rising generation. In some there is a tendency towards French materialism, in the many a longing after truth, ever the forerunner of some important intellectual revolution, especially as they are beginning to discover the gross ignorance and degraded position in which they have so long been kept by their spiritual teachers and temporal rulers.

Many of their most cherished superstitions have already begun to disappear; among others the belief in the efficacy of the gilded horns of a bull as a protection against the evil eye, witchcraft, and the temptations of the Prince of Darkness! is on the decrease. Not many years since these potent talismans might be seen in every palace and hut throughout the entire country, a superstition no doubt bequeathed to them by their Greek ancestors, and fostered, like every other similar Pagan folly, by their priests. Again, the image of the Madonna with a lamp continually burning before it, was formerly found in every dwelling, and although

we still see it in some corner of the streets, and occasionally in the houses of the faithful, the belief in the efficacy of the intercession of the Queen of Heaven to procure every spiritual and temporal necessity, is very much weakened.

It is true, some favourite image in the churches, or on the highway, continues to attract a few worshippers; perhaps some mountain bandit, who wishes to propitiate the wrath of Heaven by his devotion; or wandering minstrel, when he chants his Ave-Maria at the close of his day's labour. Even the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples, has become the subject of universal ridicule among the enlightened classes of the community; and the poor untutored lazzarone, with no other instructor than his own shrewd sense, is beginning to regard it as a clever trick of the priests, and attends the performance with no greater feelings of reverence than he would an exhibition of the antics of his own Policinello.

Naples has been at all times celebrated for its numerous beggars. The *lazzaroni* alone are said to amount to upwards of fifty thousand. We do not think they deserve all the censure heaped upon them by unsympathizing travellers, we ever found them willing and thankful to be employed as boatmen, porters, or in any other way by which they might obtain a few *grani*. If you stop for a moment in any of the streets, you are beset by men, women, and children, importuning to be allowed to carry a parcel, or attend you as a guide to any part of the town or the country for the merest trifle. Again, if we bend our steps to the Chiaia, the head-quarters of these people, and the home of all the beggars and pick-pockets in Naples, we may witness many singular, as well as disgusting scenes, to be found among the destitute in every large city ; but even here there are many favourable exceptions, particularly among the fishermen, who, when they are not at sea, usually occupy themselves about some in-door work, and no-

where do you see so many poor women engaged in spinning with the distaff.

In the midst of all this wretchedness, and however engaged, it appears as if the whole population were in haste to accomplish some important occupation, showing the active temperament of these people, who, if they were properly educated, and found an opportunity of devoting their energies to profitable industry, possess the capacity of rapidly ameliorating their condition. At present, they principally depend for subsistence upon those wealthy foreigners who select Naples as a winter residence; deprive them of this support, and they would be certain to sink to the lowest depths of misery. Full of this hope, they struggle on during the summer, living upon any sort of garbage, shell-fish, &c., picked up on the sea-coast or about the town, and look forward to the return of winter and their friends with the same pleasure as an inhabitant of the cold north to a visit of the migratory

swallow, which announces to him the advent of summer.

In fact, the King of Naples, instead of taxing the patience and pockets of peaceable travellers, by his passports and payments for permission to reside in his dominions, ought to welcome them as his best friends, since they contribute largely to his revenue and to the maintenance of the poor ; but like his other despotic brethren, dreading the admission of enlightened political opinions, their presence is discouraged ; and were it not that they add so much to his exchequer, and he desires to conciliate the lazzaroni, he would ere this have closed his frontiers altogether against them.

To remove any unfavourable opinion the traveller may entertain to the prejudice of the Neapolitans, with respect to their idle habits, he has only to visit the interior of the city, where he will see numbers of men and women industriously and usefully employed, in every variety of ingenious manufacture likely to

attract the attention of the traveller ; and it is impossible not to admire the exquisite form and highly-finished workmanship of many of their productions, especially those articles chiselled from the lava and coral. Nor is the dispatch with which they work the least astonishing part of the performance ; indeed, wherever the brilliant imagination of these people can be fixed to one train of thought, and directed either to commerce, science, or the fine arts, they are certain to excel.

Many travellers have ascribed the immorality unhappily still so prevalent at Naples to the influence of climate, the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius, adducing in confirmation of this opinion the dissolute manners of the inhabitants in the time of the Romans. That they were a licentious race in those days, we have abundant proofs in the paintings found at Pompeii, which illustrate the manners and customs of the Volcanites at that period ; still we cannot subscribe to this theory. The causes are apparent

enough without seeking for a solution in the influence of volcanoes and climate, although we admit they may have some effect in imparting that restlessness and vivacity to the temperament so characteristic of the Neapolitans. Our only wonder is, how they have been able even to preserve the external forms of civilization, when we remember how long they have been subject to that appalling system of priestcraft, and arbitrary rule, which here, above every other part of Italy, found a secure resting-place, and wrapped in gloom the natural genius of the people. Neither can we feel surprised at the state of moral debasement into which they have fallen, schooled as they have been in crime by the example of their rulers and clergy.

We can only allude to the profligacy which so generally prevails, to descend to particulars is impossible; and even those who from their position ought to be more circumspect in their conduct—monks, priests, nuns, bishops, and

archbishops—are openly condemned by the people. At all events great strictness of morals is not required at Naples, you have only to avoid politics, pay homage publicly to the Virgin, confess to your priest, and do what he tells you, to be enabled openly to disregard the law, run away with one man's wife, seduce the daughter of another, cheat in trade, rob in the streets, or turn highwayman, with comparative impunity. But if you are known to have a Bible in your possession, speak slightly of his Majesty the King or his Holiness the Pope, neglect to show yourself at church, and avoid the confessional, you are immediately stigmatized as a carbonari, and marked in the black book of the police. Consequently, should you have to plead any civil process in a court of justice, you are certain to lose your cause, for who would believe the oath of a heretic! Again, if by any unforeseen misfortune, you should be denounced by the secret police, or receive a letter from some political exile in a foreign

land, even though it be a forgery, you are irretrievably lost, unless, indeed, you have a pretty wife, sister or cousin, to interest herself in your behalf with some influential churchman. The solicitations even of a fair pleader, will not always, however, succeed, without the aid of a well-filled purse.

It is unnecessary to expatiate on the spirit of a government exercised by the sword of the mercenary and the crozier of the Church, where despotism and priestcraft go hand in hand, its tendencies may easily be discovered by its effects. This description of government is bad enough in other Roman Catholic countries, free from the brand of foreign vassalage ; but in this, every act of the administration to crush the feeling of the people towards liberal institutions, is carried out with a severity almost incredible to those who have not witnessed it. We could relate numerous instances of the tyranny of its officials ; we could fill page after page in describing the heroism of their victims, and the

sacrifices made by their friends and relatives to procure their release from the fangs of their persecutors, and publish the names of the sufferers, were it not that by so doing we should expose them to certain ruin ; for here a man must not only suffer, and that wrongfully and contrary to truth and justice, but be silent, the slightest manifestation of his grievances being punished with the severest rigour of the law. Would it not, therefore, be advisable in those among our countrymen, who are now labouring so diligently to introduce Popery into happy England, to come here and study its effects as a system of government ; to behold it exemplified in the slavery and moral debasement of an entire people.

Although Naples abounds with religious institutions, monasteries, and nunneries of every order, with an immense army of high dignitaries of the Church, priests and Jesuits, the lower classes receive no moral instruction. As to religion, they are taught to attend mass, bless

themselves with holy water, worship the Virgin, the Host, and the saints, go to confession, and receive absolution. This done, the poor people consider they have performed all the duties of a Christian; their only fear is how to provide against hunger, and, following the example of their parents, when their children are old enough they are taught to beg, go of errands, steal—in short, to procure food in any way they can obtain it. Thus, trained for centuries in the grossest superstition and ignorance, and driven to despair from excessive poverty, the depravity of morals has gone on increasing till at length it has awakened the attention of the authorities, and missionaries have been dispatched to preach religion and morality in the towns and villages, and above all in the crowded districts of Naples, where whole families live together in a state little better than savages.

This, so far as it goes, is a praiseworthy action; but why not give a higher tone to the system of popular education? Public in-

struction, now enforced as a duty in nearly every other country, even the most despotic, and which is fast gaining ground under the Mahometan ruler of Turkey, is discouraged by the short-sighted policy of the Prince of Naples and his conclave of bigoted priests; ever raising up barriers against the progress and diffusion of knowledge; and by a refinement of policy whenever the schoolmaster, prompted by a desire to impart a higher degree of culture, ventures to instruct his pupils beyond the mere rudiments of elementary education, he incurs the penalty of imprisonment, or perhaps is sent to the galleys for life. So great is their anxiety to prevent any chance of national regeneration.

It is not, however, necessary to travel to Naples to discover the hostility of the Romish Church to any system of intellectual education; we have had an example of this in Ireland; when the thunder of the Vatican was launched against the enlightened plan of instruc-

tion introduced into that country by our own government. Unhappily, the voice of a foreign pontiff was found to have more weight over the minds of that priest-ridden people, than the mandate of a wise paternal government. An interference like this in the internal administration of a country would not be tolerated for a moment in any other state in Europe, and could only have occurred under free institutions. Yet to the want of such a system of education, all the social evils that have so long afflicted Ireland may be attributed; and as if this were not enough to perpetuate sectarian prejudice, those narrow-minded zealots, in their endeavours to strengthen the rule of papal despotism, confine their flock by every possible subterfuge within the bounds of a literary quarantine, which precludes them from interchanging those feelings of mutual fraternity and sympathy so necessary towards allaying the spirit of religious intolerance.

Among the many peculiarities which dis-

tinguish the Neapolitans from their brethren in the other states of the beautiful peninsula, they are celebrated for their talent in the art of pantomimic gesture. This method of communication has become more general and systematic since the Revolution of 1848, no doubt because it affords them a medium of expressing their thoughts without fear of being overheard by the numerous spies and secret police, whose duty it is to mingle as much as possible with all classes of society; and here, be it remembered, a man's dearest friend, even his wife or child, may be a paid agent of the state. What a novel feature would it not form in the history of state trials, if one of these *figurantes* were brought up before a court of justice, and examined by a prosecutor who possessed the key to the meaning of his gestures! we doubt that all the ingenuity, even of a Neapolitan judge, could find sufficient evidence to convict a man of pantomimic treason.

CHAPTER X.

Neapolitan patois—Story-tellers and street preachers—

The modern San Martino—His celestial vision and sermon—Singular superstition respecting the Pope's shirt — Tomasso of the Evil Eye — His history— Superstitious belief of the Neapolitans in the Evil Eye — Characteristics of Naples — General observations.

EVERY state in Italy has its own peculiar dialect, principally used by the lower classes of society. The Neapolitan patois, spoken as it is by the whole population, from the *lazzaroni* to the inmates of a palace, may be termed the language of the country; it is by no means inharmonious to the ear, and is distinguished

from the other dialects of the Italian by the substitution of soft for hard consonants, so as to render the words more euphonious. This imparts a pleasing sound to some; but the abbreviations employed are so numerous, as to give a stranger the impression he is living among a people so busily occupied they are obliged to save time by contracting their words.

To form a correct opinion of the richness of the Neapolitan dialect, and the facility with which it expresses ludicrous ideas, or an eloquent appeal, we must listen to the improvisatori, or the street-preacher. The first is always some bare-headed, bare-legged, bare-footed member of the lowest class of society, who wandering from town to town, from village to village, subsists on the few pence or food his stories or drollery win from his miserable audience. The other will probably be an *abbé*, or brother of a religious order, sometimes a missionary paid by the government; but more frequently a fanatic enthusiast who fancies he has received a mission direct from the Virgin, or some holy saint.

Our good-fortune conducted us to the market-place of Pausilippo at the moment when the modern San Martino, a great favourite with the people, was preparing to address them. His oration was so full of wit and humour, and so characteristic of the extravagant exaggerations of the preacher, and the love of the marvellous in his hearers, that we cannot do better than give an epitome of it to our readers; and though by no means well-educated, he showed himself better acquainted with the manners, customs, and religion of foreign countries than might have been expected. After giving away a considerable number of coloured engravings of the Virgin, saints, and angels, to the most devout among his followers, he mounted the top of a wine-cask and commenced.

“Cara Fratelli,” said he, “I must relate the particulars of a vision vouchsafed to me a short time since, on the summit of Mount Cilento in Calabria. Exhausted by long fasting and prayer, I threw myself on the earth to enjoy a

few minutes' repose, when lo ! I suddenly found myself elevated in the air, I know not by whom, and carried in a few seconds to heaven. 'Corpo di Christo !' said I to myself, 'since thou art in Paradise, San Martino, why not go at once, and salute her Santissima Majesty, the ever-blessed Madonna?' But how was I to find out her special abode? Ay, that was the question. After wandering for some time through the Elysian fields—the air, oh ! how balmy—there was no sun, yet all was bright and shining ; rivers of milk and honey flowed in every direction, the trees were loaded with the most delicious fruit ; and, oh ! wonderful to relate many of the blessed saints were eating macaroni, white as the snow, and ten yards in length ! Attend to that, ye scum of the earth, and repent !"

On hearing this astounding revelation, the multitude, for the most part, looked grave, some fell on their knees and devoutly crossed themselves, while not a few turned their backs on the

preacher, smiling apparently with contempt and derision.

“Holo!” cried the saint, with a stentorian voice, calling by name Pietro, Giovanni, Giuseppe, and many others of his recreant flock. “Come back, ye infidels, ye carbonari, and hear the glad tidings I have to tell, else I will bear witness against ye as rebels, and have ye condemned to eternal perdition!”

This awful warning arrested the steps of his retreating hearers, and the preacher having wiped with his dark woollen *soutane* the perspiration with which anger had moistened his sun-burnt face, fixed his eye on some of the principal recusants, as he again commenced his harangue.

“I told you,” said he, “I wandered over the Elysian fields, when at length I heard the most divine heavenly music that can be conceived, caused by the fluttering of an angel’s wings above my head. And behold there stood before me a being having a countenance so beautiful

and lustrous that no mortal could gaze on its brightness without falling to the ground : and there I lay like a poor reptile of the earth, as I am. ' Arise, my well-beloved San Martino, and follow me,' said the messenger of glory, ' and mark well what thou seest.' The angel, while he was thus speaking, stretched out his pinions, and carried me forth to the brink of an awful abyss that no man could fathom ; where, in the gloomy depths beneath, I saw myriads of the souls of the damned. Oh ! it was an appalling sight ! the bare remembrance chills my blood with horror. There I beheld the infidel French, the heretic English, that arch-fiend Napoleon Bonaparte, that demon of demons Joachim Murat, with thousands and tens of thousands of those impious rebels who dared to raise their hands against our sovereign lord the King and his Santissimo Holiness the Pope. Oh ! they were uttering such wailings, such lamentations, that the terrible sound still rings in my ears !

“At length, my angelic guide, pitying my tears and heart-broken sorrow, bore me away from the contemplation of such a scene of woe and despair, to the summit of a lofty mountain. But how shall I find words to describe the abode of the blessed, now disclosed to my admiring vision ! There I beheld not only mighty kings, popes, princes, noble prelates, and priests of every degree, but many that I knew when on earth to be the poorest of the poor ; still they all were dressed alike in the richest raiment, and wore on their heads jewelled crowns.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ said I, addressing my celestial guide, ‘ might I not venture to enter Paradise, if only for a moment, and adore the Santissima Madonna, Queen of Heaven ! ’ (for remember, my friends, I stood reverently on the threshold.) ‘ Impossible, San Martino,’ replied the inhabitant of Heaven ; ‘ thou art not yet purified by death from the dross of earth.’ I next besought him to allow me to exchange a word or two with our great apostles, San Pietro and San Paolo ;

this petition was also refused me. I then bethought me, ungrateful mortal as I am, of our own glorious patron and Saint, the ever-blessed San Gennaro."

The preacher had now struck the chord that was certain to vibrate in the heart of a Neapolitan. "Viva San Gennaro! Viva San Martino!" burst forth from the excited multitude.

"Alas!" continued the preacher, "woe is me! woe! woe! I found our glorious saint on the other side of the heavenly kingdom—in purgatory! Hear that, ye rebellious, ungodly crew! San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples, in purgatory!" And now the preacher raised his hands to heaven; while tears, genuine tears, rolled down his swarthy cheeks, as he exclaimed a third time, "San Gennaro in purgatory! Yes, there he lay, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, his blessed head bowed to the ground. 'Eccellentissimo! santissimo! illustrissimo! saint and patron, what has brought you here in purgatory?' cried I,

struck with horror and amazement. 'Ah! San Martino,' he answered, 'is that you?' and then he sobbed as if his heart would break. 'Why do you ask what has brought me here, you who are just come from among the rebellious crew, that inhabit my own kingdom of Naples, and though sinful and sinning, are still my children, notwithstanding their evil ways have chased me from heaven, and here I must remain till they repent.

" 'Ah! the impious, rebellious crew!' cried a voice sounding through the heavenly mansions as if it were the trumpet that summoned the dead at the dread hour of judgment. 'The heretics! the brigands! the rebels!' exclaimed another and another of the heavenly host. Then I heard the sweet-sounding, musical voice of our most gracious mother, the Queen of Heaven, gently, but earnestly, pleading. 'Save them! oh, save them! merciful Father, eternal Judge!' 'Save them! save them!' was echoed and re-echoed by a host of celestial beings.

‘Save them ! save them !’ exclaimed our own heart-broken patron, San Gennaro. ‘Save them ! save them !’ feebly murmured the poor mortal who now addresses you.”

Here the preacher was again interrupted with shouts of applause and repeated cries of “Bravo ! bravo, San Martino,” from the assembled multitude.

“Alas ! my heart bleeds while I say it, the stern Judge of the universe would not relent, and our glorious saint and patron, who loves you all so well, is now suffering for your sins, and cannot leave the dark abode of purgatory till ye repent. Repent then, and swear that ye will never again raise your impious hands against the Lord’s anointed ; and, imitating the example of your forefathers in the good olden time, become faithful subjects, devout Christians, docile to your clergy, and regular in your attendance at mass and confession. Resolve and swear to do all this, ye godless ungrateful reprobates, and open the gates of Paradise to

your own saint and patron, the ever-glorious San Gennaro.

“Do you hear me, sneering Nicola? and you Paolo with the devil’s tongue? and you Tomasso of the evil eye? and all the rest, ye blood of Beelzebub!” exclaimed the preacher with frantic vehemence, as with uplifted hands he denounced those among his hearers who derided his oratory. “Heed them not, my children,” he continued, addressing those who attended more devoutly to his discourse, “heed them not, those unbelieving profligates! they have been corrupted by their intercourse with those heretical, sight-seeing foreigners, by hearing their hellish gabble—those monsters of heresy! those children of Satan who would hurl you headlong into the pit of perdition!” Then looking with a most ominous frown at the party of English and American gentlemen with whom I was standing, he elevated his voice still higher, as he pointed towards us and cried: “There they are! there they are!”

Happily the times are changed at Naples; otherwise I doubt that the revolvers of my American friends, and my own pistols, would have been sufficient to defend us from the knives of an excited crowd of fanatics. As it was, we remained quietly standing with our cicerone till the oration was finished, when the preacher, like Policinello, or any other successful actor, descended from his primitive stage, amidst the deafening applause of his audience. Even those who at first ridiculed him acknowledged the force of his eloquence and ingenuity, and all concurred in according to him the title of the most popular preacher and story-teller of his class at Naples; but how far the influence of his spiritual exhortations extends over the minds of a people, who have at length began to think for themselves, may well be doubted.

It may be supposed by those unacquainted with the manners and customs of the Neapolitans, that we have exaggerated the style of our

street preacher's oratory ; quite the reverse, we have even suppressed a great deal of what would be regarded in England, or any other truly pious, moral country, as highly offensive language—nay, blasphemy, when applied to religion, but which may be heard any day either in the churches or streets of Naples. In short, we might fill a volume with accounts of various miracles related to us, and even then we should not find space for the whole ; but we cannot refrain from noticing one marvel which may serve as a specimen of the remainder. Relics of saints, their shrines and garments, have in all ages exercised a powerful agency in performing miracles ; but we were not aware till we came to Naples of the healing virtues attributed to the shirt of a Pope, the smallest shred of which, if boiled in milk or soup, is said to be an effectual remedy for the cholera, and other diseases of a similar description ! We cannot, therefore, feel surprised that these wonder-working garments form a source of great

profit to the itinerant friars, who sell them to the pious and the believing.

The epithet "jettator," evil-eyed, bestowed by the preacher on our guide Tomasso, is one of the most degrading and opprobrious that can be applied by one Neapolitan to another. A superstitious belief in the agency of the evil eye is still entertained, as we learned from Tomasso, not only very generally by the ignorant, but by the higher classes of society, who, as a protection against its malign power, adorn their houses with gilded bulls' horns, to which we have before alluded; and when they leave home, carry with them a trinket in the form of a horn, intended as an antidote. This must be pointed towards any ill-starred being they happen to meet with, whose eyes are supposed to possess the property of blighting the good fortune of every man on whom he looks!

According to the statement of our guide Tomasso, the superstition of his countrymen

had affixed this terrible stigma of jettator to himself and his family. It appears that his father formerly kept a flourishing inn at Resina, where he was accustomed to supply refreshments, mules and donkeys to travellers on their ascent to Mount Vesuvius. Now it happened on an unlucky day, while the elder Tomasso was attending to a Neapolitan nobleman, who had just alighted from his carriage, the braying of a donkey frightened the horses, when, dashing forward, they rushed headlong down a precipice, and the carriage was shattered to pieces. As if this were not enough to brand the ill-starred innkeeper with the fatal gift of jettator, it so chanced shortly after, while he was standing at his door, a gentleman galloped past him on horseback, when the animal, slipping on the lava pavement, threw his rider, who, falling upon his head, was killed almost instantaneously.

From this time the little inn of Tomasso, the jettator, was shunned by every human being,

as if a pestilence had been raging in it ; and to add to the disgrace and desperation of the unhappy man, whenever he was seen in the streets he had the horns of the whole population pointed at him. At length, threatened with approaching ruin, he terminated his earthly troubles by suicide, leaving a wife with a son and daughter in the deepest misery.

In the meantime, Tomasso the younger had the good fortune to attract the notice of an English gentleman residing in the neighbourhood, who took him into his service, where he remained several years, till his master, while bathing in the sea, was seized with the cramp, and drowned. Hence it was impossible to dispute the fact, that the fatal gift of *jet-tatura* was in the family, and as such our poor *cicerone* was denounced, and avoided by all who knew him. Experience and intercourse with the enlightened mind of his English master, however, taught him philosophy, and contempt

for the opinions of his superstitious countrymen ; and having acquired some knowledge of the English language, he contrives to obtain a decent maintenance by acting as guide to the English and American travellers who visit Naples. He was our constant attendant while we remained here ; and we cannot too highly recommend Tomasso the jettator as one of the most civil and intelligent men of his class.

Principally for the pleasure of accompanying my English and American travelling companions, I once again visited most of the lions of Naples and its delightful environs ; and first ascended Mount Vesuvius which has undergone a very great change since the eruption of 1850. The former crater, having become choked with ashes and scoria, gave birth to two craters on the summit of the cone. That on the Pompeii side is the largest, and may be estimated at one thousand feet in depth. At present there is no appearance of activity in either, except a continuous emission of sulphureous vapour, which

the inhabitants of Naples consider as a presage of evil; and we certainly experienced two or three slight shocks of an earthquake during our short residence in that city.

At the time of the late eruption the lava found vent at the base of the cone, and ran in a glowing torrent towards the old crater; and then turning in the direction of Pompeii, overwhelmed an entire village, together with its vineyards and orchards, although several miles distant. In consequence of the uninterrupted exhalations of sulphureous vapour, we did not attempt to descend into either of the craters. In fact their thin, sharp edges rendered this not only dangerous but impracticable, while the space around them is so contracted as scarcely to leave sufficient room for two persons to pass abreast without peril.

Under the guidance of our jettator, we also entered the gloomy depths of Herculaneum, wandered through the streets of Pompeii, now in the same state as they were nearly two thousand years ago, and even penetrated into

the secret chambers of the goddess Isis, in defiance of the superstitious belief still entertained that the impious mortal who dares to violate her privacy will suffer from fever during the remainder of his days. We likewise day after day visited together every spot immortalized by Homer and Virgil, passed through the gloomy cavern of Posilipo, on our way to pay a morning visit to the Sybil in her grotto, without being robbed by brigands, and from thence to the Lago d'Averno, a feat which many a brave Roman of the olden time would not have done, from the fear of being carried away by the sprites and genii who then peopled its romantic banks !

Neither did we forget to visit the baths of Nero, where we were not quite baked with the heat, although we ate an egg that was cooked by the same heat during the time we remained there, and witnessed at the Grotta del Cane the disagreeable spectacle of a poor terrier becoming lifeless in a few seconds because my friends wished to see the influence of the

noxious gas. We also passed whole days together in wandering about the shores of the Bay of Baia, that luxurious winter retreat of the degenerate Romans; moralized over the folly of man and the infantile occupations to which he will descend, when we saw the Piscinai (fish-ponds) of Hortensius, who, history records, clothed himself in mourning on the death of a beloved trout! and having, it would appear, an insane attachment for his finny favourites, decked them with jewelled necklaces, and gave to each a name, which they responded to when called upon by raising their heads out of the water! In the same manner the devout piscatory tribes listened to St. Anthony, when, commiserating their spiritual wants, he preached them a sermon; and whoever doubts the truth of the 'miracle, has only to journey to Padua, where he will see the fact immortalized in a beautiful painting over the high altar in the cathedral church.

After seeing the various interesting objects

in Naples and its delightful environs, we prepared, though not without some regret, to bid adieu to this charming city. And if the lazzaroni stole a pocket-handkerchief, or cheated me of a few grani, I blamed my own stupidity, and forgave them, for I knew they were nearly starving. Beyond this propensity, and now and then displaying their genius as first-rate actors in counterfeiting death from starvation, and similar able performances, with the object of extracting a few pence from the pocket of a compassionate traveller, they are the same lively, singular people now as they have ever been; and notwithstanding their priests tell them we are heretics, they are far more attached to the English than to the travellers of any other nation. Perhaps it may be that they are found to be more generous; at all events, we know that many a wretched pauper, when he returns at night to his starving family, in the fulness of his gratitude blesses the English Milord who has given him the means of procuring them food.

CHAPTER XI.

Preparations for leaving Naples—Railroad to Capua—Neapolitan officers—A female Jesuit—An embarrassing position—Sketches of a tour from Capua to Gaeta—Account of Gaeta—Miraculous efficacy attributed to the chair of Pio Nono at Gaeta—Visit to the Monastery of St. Benedict—The birth-place of Cicero—Interesting ruins at Arpino—Tomb of Cicero—Itri and its supper of thrushes—Fondi—Arrival in the Papal States—Passports and Custom-house officers—American firmness opposed to Papal police—Sketch of Terracina and its environs—Characteristics of the mountaineers—Insalubrity of the marshes.

WE now proposed leaving Naples for Rome, but the preparations for departure are not the work of a moment, for in these days of the

reign of terror on the continent of Europe a traveller proposes but a prince disposes ; first I had to give up my *carte de séjour*, and obtain my passport from the police, then take it to the British Ambassador, and get his signature, back again to the police-office, now to the palace of his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then I could not enter the Patrimony of St. Peter without permission from the representative of his Holiness the Pope. The cost of all these signatures amounted to upwards of four Neapolitan ducats, without mentioning the loss of time and the hire of sundry cabriolets. A most ingenious contrivance this of the despotic princes of Europe to make travellers contribute to the expense of maintaining their numerous spies and police-agents.

Two of my American friends, true Anglo-Norman-Saxons, were fortunately like myself bound for the Eternal City ; and as our road lay through the territories of the renowned Fra

Diavolo, they armed themselves with cutlasses and revolvers, resolved to fight their way to Rome in defiance of brigands. To perform our journey in the most expeditious and comfortable manner, we engaged a first-rate *vetturino*, Signor Carini, and four capital horses, paying him four louis-d'ors a day for the use of his carriage, including breakfast, dinner, and beds.

On leaving Naples, we travelled by the railroad, short as it is, to Capua. A railroad ! This looks like progress in the dominions of his Majesty the King of Naples ; and wherever steam penetrates, that great instrument of civilization, it is certain to be followed by the regeneration of mankind, and the downfall of despotism, ignorance, and superstition.

We found Capua, where we remained the greatest part of the day and a night, filled with Neapolitan soldiers, which afforded us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a party of officers, fine gentlemanly men, who

took every possible means to make our short stay among them agreeable. The next morning, while breakfasting with our gallant friends, the waiter announced a French lady, the Countess de L——é, an elegant, ladylike woman, who, although somewhat past the age of love and romance, might still be termed pretty. She stated that the object of her visit was to petition for a place in our carriage as far as Rome, and another on the outside for her servant, offering to pay her share of the expenses. She apologised in the politest manner for the intrusion, by saying, that being unprotected, she trusted the unsettled state of the country might be pleaded as an excuse for the liberty she had taken ; adding that she knew by placing herself under the protection of Englishmen, a name synonymous with all that was brave and honourable, her safety was ensured.

Who could resist such a flattering speech ? My friend, whom we termed the philosopher

of Boston, looked at his companion, the poet of New York, and both cast a searching glance on their English brother; and presuming their feelings agreed with mine, and that denial was impossible, we made our wishes and convenience submit, though with shame I confess it, very reluctantly, to our gallantry.

The circumstance would have been too trifling to record, were it not illustrative of the social character of the country, and the protecting care with which a traveller is watched on every side by the secret agents of this most suspicious government. Before we quitted the hotel, a kind friend placed in my hand a slip of paper, in which he cautioned me to beware of the lady, as he knew her to be one of the most dangerous women in Italy—a perfect Jesuit in petticoats—a spy of the police, and that her servant was, in all probability, a priest!

In addition to her personal charms, and great amiability of manners, our fair Jesuit as a linguist was admirably qualified to carry

on any political intrigue with success. She spoke the Italian language almost with the fluency of a native ; she also knew the English, German and Spanish, sufficiently well to converse

As may be supposed, it required a great deal of acting on my part to mystify so clever a woman ; I succeeded, however, in drawing from her an admission that she was engaged with other pious French ladies of high rank in endeavouring to convert the English aristocracy, while travelling on the continent, to the Roman Catholic faith. If her representations might be relied on, and I have no reason to doubt them, she was on terms of intimacy, and corresponded with several of our great Roman Catholic families in England and Ireland. She spoke most affectionately of her dear Lord and Lady Fleming, of those shining lights who had seen the error of their ways, and embraced the true faith —Messrs. Newman, Wilberforce, and Manning, and stated how instrumental she had been in their conversion. This, with her

allusions to many other persons of distinguished rank in England, suspected to be wavering in their belief in the doctrines of the Reformed Church, afforded additional confirmation to the opinion I had long entertained, that a widely-spread organized conspiracy exists, the object of which is to undermine the Protestant faith of England.

What the object of our fair Countess could have been in thus unceremoniously introducing herself to our society, I could not discover. The two American gentlemen I travelled with spoke no other language than their own, except a little French, she could not therefore suppose them to be political emissaries. Perhaps in the first instance, she concluded from my name, that I was that great apostle of modern Romanism, Father Ignatius, on a pilgrimage to Rome! Or it may be that, as French imagination often sees more than the reality, her suspicions invested me with some character to which I was a stranger—a revolutionary agent travelling under

a false name, or I know not what. However this may be, our amiable fellow-traveller must have been speedily convinced that neither his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies, nor his Holiness the Pope, had anything to fear from the propagandizing propensities of her fellow travellers ; and if she were really desirous of reaching Rome in any reasonable time, the distance we travelled each day must have been too short to meet her wishes ; there were a hundred objects of antiquity to be visited in a country where every inch of the ground is interesting. Consequently, after two days' journey, she bade us adieu at St. Agatha, with many expressions of gratitude on her side, and of regret on ours ; and we once more expressed our thoughts, and gave vent to our feelings, as if we were breathing the free air of dear Old England.

While visiting the villages, churches, and monasteries in the environs of Capua, it was highly interesting to find their names in nearly

every instance indicate their ancient origin. At Casa-pulla once stood the temple of Apollo; at Ercole the temple of Hercules; at Marcianisi the temple of Mars; at Curtis the Curia and the monastery of St. Angelo evidently takes its name from a temple that stood there, dedicated to Diana Luciferra, while the chain of mountains that surround Capua and Caserta, are still called Monti Tifatini, a word derived from the volcano Tifata now extinct. We also found considerable remains of the ancient Capua at the little town of Santa Maria, the amphitheatre with its galleries and seats of the spectators are tolerably well preserved, and the two arcades we found on the road to Caserta, are presumed to have been one of the gates of the city.

Strabo and Florus tell us that Capua, after Rome and Carthage, was the most populous city of the Old World.

"Capua quondam inter tres maximas numerata."

We need not wonder that the fertility and

beauty of a district called by Cicero the finest domain in the Roman empire, should have been colonized at a very early epoch in the history of the world, nor that Annibal, instead of pushing on to the conquest of Rome, allowed himself to be seduced by the fascinations of a city blessed with so delightful a climate. Poor Capua first suffered from a siege of the Romans, those implacable masters that never forgave a revolt ; and when captured, all its senators were decapitated without exception, and its principal inhabitants sold as slaves. In the third century it was taken and plundered by Genseric, King of the Vandals ; other devastations followed from the inroad of the barbarians, till at length it was totally destroyed, and the new town, which now bears the name of Capua, rose towards the end of the seventh century, and was principally built from its ruins.

On leaving Santa Agatha, we passed through Sesse, the ancient Suessa-Auruncorum, one of the principal towns of the Arunci, and the

birth-place of Lucilius, the famous satirical poet of Rome. We now saw before us the marshes formed by the Garigliano, recalling to the mind of the traveller the vicissitudes of fortune connected with the history of Marius, the hero of many battles, and seven times a consul, but who was at length obliged to take refuge in this poisonous swamp to escape the pursuit of his vengeful enemy, Sylla. After passing the Garigliano on our road to Mola, we visited the site of the ancient city Minturnæ, where considerable vestiges of an amphitheatre, aqueducts, and other interesting ruins still exist.

At Mola we passed the night at one of the most comfortable inns on the road between Naples and Rome; our rooms were carpeted, the service was excellent, and our dinner, or rather supper, of the very best description, all furnished at the expense of our *vetturino*, an excellent fellow, who endeavoured by every means in his power to render the tour of his

padroni agreeable in every respect. A beautiful garden behind the house, laid out in walks and filled with orange-trees in full bearing, added much to our enjoyment, as we had permission from the landlord to pluck the tempting fruit, now in the highest perfection.

At Castellone, between Mola and Gaeta, we visited a ruin supposed to have been the Formianum of Cicero. Gaeta, immortalized by Horace and Cicero for the beauty of its situation, and the delicious flavour of its wines, needs no description from the pen of a modern traveller; and notwithstanding its great antiquity, said to have been founded by Æneas, in memory of his nurse Cajeta,—

“Tu quoque littoribus notris Æneia nutrix
Æternam moriens famam, Cajeta, dedisti.”

still maintains its character of being a town, while so many great and powerful cities have crumbled to dust.

That Gaeta was a favourite retreat of the

wealthy Romans we have abundant evidence in the number of ruins seen in the environs, some of which are still visible in the sea as at Baia. The most remarkable monument of the place is the Torre d'Orlando, appearing from the inscription to have been the mausoleum of Lucius Munatius Plancus, the founder of Lyons. The column forming part of this monument contains an interesting engraving, the rhumbs of wind in Latin and Greek. In the suburb of the town is another tower, called Latratina, from Latrando, supposed to have formed a part of the temple of Mercury, where oracles were delivered to the people through the mouth of a dog! a singular relic of the superstition of the ancients. But, perhaps what is still more interesting to a pious Romanist, he may see the identical rock that split into three equal parts in honour of the Holy Trinity at the instant of the Saviour's death! and to commemorate the event, the Church of the Holy Trinity was erected on

one of its fragments. No doubt some future Pope will discover a fourth fragment to verify the truth of Pio Nono's quadrinity !

Gaeta has gained considerably in wealth and importance since it has been hallowed by the residence of an exiled Pope, when it was crowded with illustrious strangers from every part of Europe. Even now it continues to draw a considerable revenue from the piety of the numerous pilgrims who flock here and pay their pails for the honour of being allowed to sit in the chair formerly occupied by his Holiness Pio Nono, especially as this is reported to be a remedy for some diseases ! Gaeta will also be celebrated by the future historian, when he records the various schemes and projects of the most astute politicians of our day, who assembled here in council to undermine and circumvent the plans which the oppressed portion of the European population had formed for their deliverance from the the thralldom of the sword and the crozier.

The development of mind and intelligence that occasionally bursts forth in the ideas and feelings of nations, must ever be a subject of deep interest to every man who desires in the welfare of his species—a development which has its periods, and seems to fly like an epidemic, and strike simultaneously people the most remote from each other with the same thoughts and opinions, even where they could not be supposed to have had any communication. One of those extraordinary phases in the history of our race, when it pleases the Almighty to manifest Himself in the great work of creation, by elevating His creatures to a still higher sphere of existence, showing Himself in the gradual workings of some particular tribe or race to attain a higher degree of perfection in the scale of human happiness ; and although they may fail in the attempt, the work never ceases ; it is transferred to another, each phase becoming more perfect than its predecessor, thus proving the benign care of a merciful Providence over His creatures, and

that man, the most excellent of all His works, is destined to attain a perfection such as our finite understanding cannot conceive.

All the popular movements that have lately taken place are nothing more than so many attempts and struggles of the inhabitants of continental Europe to assimilate their civil and religious institutions to those that have found a home in England, and rendered her so prosperous and powerful; and although they have been worsted from time to time, and their rights and privileges trampled upon with increased tyranny, yet such is the perseverance of civilized man when he has once embraced an idea, that neither worldly interest nor fear of death can turn him aside from the path he has chosen, ever renewing the contest when an opportunity presents itself that offers a chance of success. We may, therefore, feel assured that the movement which now agitates the mind of civilized Europe must eventually succeed, and that it will tend to introduce a new phase in the existence of man, more prosperous

and happy, and more in unison with the intelligence of the age, this no one can doubt who has studied the history of mankind in former ages, and compares it with the degree of intelligence and civilization the world has attained in the great epoch in which we now live ; and although there is now an interval of profound calm, which, in the history of nations as well as in the material world, always precedes a tempest, the day is not far distant which is to decide the contest.

On leaving Mola di Gaeta we took the San Germano road, on a visit to the Abbey of Montecassino, founded in the sixth century, by St. Benedict, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and who first introduced the establishment of monasteries and nunneries into the western world. However much the enlightenment of the age may condemn these institutions, the lovers of literature are much indebted to this abbey for the preservation of many interesting works of the old Greek and Roman authors. The library of the convent still con-

tains about eighteen thousand volumes, many of them rare editions, together with nearly a thousand original diplomas, decrees, charts, and bulls of emperors, kings, dukes, and popes.

The environs of this celebrated monastery are equally attractive to the lover of beautiful scenery, interesting to the antiquarian. At Arpino, the birth-place of Cicero, we were shown a ruin, said by tradition to be the remains of the house in which that great orator was born. That here was situated a town of great magnitude there cannot be a doubt, if we may judge from the vestiges of theatres, aqueducts, amphitheatres and other remains that lie scattered in various directions ; but the country here, filled as it is with political delinquents, is far too dangerous in the present day for a traveller to pursue his researches, and there were so many idlers roving about, apparently of very doubtful respectability, that we were glad to take to the saddle with our guides, and gallop back again to our inn at Mola.

Cicero must have been a great favourite with

the Roman people. Between Mola and Itri we were shown an ancient tower, said to be his tomb, and to have been raised by his freedmen on the spot where he was killed; and tradition still points out the lane leading to the sea, to which he was hastening to get on board of a bark that was ready to convey him from the pursuit of his enemies.

We passed a night at the village of Itri, the Urbs Mamurnana of the ancient Romans, where Horace and his friend Heliodorus enjoyed their repast of roasted thrushes. Mighty empires, magnificent cities, pass away, leaving scarcely a vestige behind, save in the records of history or the voice of tradition, but the natural productions of a country or locality remain the same. The only dish we could procure for supper was the identical thrushes, and they are said to abound in the forests of myrtle and laurels that cover the summits of the encircling hills.

The next town we came to was Fondi, where Horace tells us the judge, dressed in his purple

robes, received him with great pomp and ceremony. It is now a miserable place, and only interesting as the theatre of the romantic tale of Julia di Gonzago, Countess of Fondi, whose beauty having reached the ears of the Sultan of Turkey, the amorous monarch dispatched a detachment of Turkish soldiers, under the command of the pirate Barbarossa, to carry her off by force; the beauty escaped, but the town was pillaged by the freebooters and then set in flames.

After passing the Torre di Confini, we came to Terracina, so well described by Horace,

"Impositum late saxis candentibus Anxur."

Having now entered the Patrimony of St. Peter, our passports underwent the strictest investigation. Half a dollar saved the contents of our trunks from being examined; but when the officials of his Holiness requested us to surrender our weapons of defence, pistols, cutlasses, and revolvers, all without exception, the indignation of my American travelling companions rose to fever heat. The officer pleaded the strict orders

he had received not to permit any description of offensive weapon, either in the possession of natives or foreigners, to enter the Papal dominions, adding that he would be responsible for sending them on to Rome, when they would be returned to their owners on leaving the country. My friends, however, placing but little faith in the honesty of the official, and rather believing that the demand was made with a view of delivering them defenceless into the hands of the brigands, would hear of no surrender. He now threatened to call out the guard and compel obedience ; this was answered with a daring defiance, and, suiting the action to the word, with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other they stood on the defensive.

The affair now assumed a serious aspect ; all expostulation was useless with men who could not understand the reason or justice of depriving a traveller of weapons which he carried solely for his own defence, and in a country where the executive was unable to maintain social order.

Happily the officer, finding that he could not compel submission without having recourse to force, after a great deal of vociferation and sundry maledictions on all English and American travellers, resigned the contest, perhaps somewhat influenced by the determination visible in the bearing of my companions, and the dread of the fearful havoc their murderous-looking revolvers would make among his soldiers.

Notwithstanding we made Terracina our head-quarters for a couple of days, we heard nothing more of the demand to surrender the obnoxious weapons. The greater part of this time was passed in wandering through the little mountain villages in the vicinity ; and though the character of the inhabitants is not so good as it might be, and they are reported not to be over scrupulous when the contents of a traveller's portmanteau can be appropriated with impunity, we were invariably treated with the utmost civility—nay, it seemed as if they were highly gratified with the frank confidence we placed in their good faith. It is true we were accom-

panied by our *vetturino*, who seemed to possess the charm of making himself beloved by his countrymen wherever he went; and, according to his own account, he could travel through any part of Italy, even the most lawless, scatheless of danger to himself or his *padroni*.

The general appearance of the inhabitants of these villages, the descendants of the ancient Volsci, in districts free from the malaria of the marshes, is at once robust, classical, and graceful, with a great deal of fire and energy displaying itself even in their wretchedness; an independence of manner which showed how irksome they felt it, to be compelled to ask bread from the stranger, pleaded very much in their favour when contrasted with the degraded spirit of the Neapolitan beggar, which leads us to believe that if they were under the rule of any other power than the imbecile conclave of priests and monks to whom their destiny is confided, they would rapidly improve in all that contributes to man's social advancement.

Terracina, the Anxur of the Volsci and the

Trachina of the Greeks, a city that flourished centuries before the foundation of Rome, and which seems placed by nature in a position to become the metropolis of Southern Italy, has not at any period of history been remarkable either for the deeds of arms of its inhabitants, or their prosperity in time of peace. A singular fatality has also attended this unlucky town, that not one of its numerous public buildings has ever been completely finished, neither the palaces of emperors nor the villas of the wealthy patricians who selected this charming spot as their residence, a fact which may be verified, had we no other information, by examining their ruins. Even the gigantic works of Antoninus Pius, who endeavoured to make Terracina a commodious and safe harbour, were never completed, an interregnum taking place when the works were inundated with sand, then the sea retired, and last of all came the malaria, which ruined the town by driving from its vicinity every human being that could afford to live elsewhere.

In a climate where winter is unknown and the soil teems with fertility, the land in the vicinity of Terracina is unfortunately of little or no value to the proprietor, owing to the noisome exhalations emitted by the swamps. In some districts partially exempt from their deleterious influence, cotton, indigo, and other productions of a hot climate, arrive to great perfection ; these, with groves of orange and lemon trees, the graceful palm, the tall cypress, and every species of flowering shrub, in all their rich luxuriance, impart to the landscape the aspect of an earthly Eden. But alas ! all these treasures of nature, their rich perfumes and shady foliage, avail nothing ; the miserable husbandman becomes the victim of the poisonous vapours which prevail here without intermission for at least nine months in the year, and insensibly penetrate every fibre of the human frame, till all chance of recovery is hopeless. Nor can it be otherwise, when it is remarked that Terracina is placed in the centre of two of the most insalubrious districts in Europe. The one is

the infectious lagune that extends from the Bedino Canal to the base of Mount Circo ; the other the vast prairie, so fertile and luxuriant, known as the Pontine Marshes, whose miasma is felt in a greater or less degree as far as the walls of the Eternal City. The effects, however, are more fatal between Terracina and the Torre tre Ponti, on the road to Rome, on one side, and on the other to Itri, in the kingdom of Naples.

CHAPTER XII.

Journey to Rome—The Pontine Marshes—Causes which led to the insalubrity of this district—Some account of its ancient inhabitants, the Volsci—Defeat of the Neapolitan army at Velletri by the Roman insurgents—Sketches of the country between Velletri and Albano—Ascent of Monte Cavo—Rocca di Papa—Doubtful character of the inhabitants—Visit to Frascati and Palestrina—Desolate character of the country—Monasteries and nunneries—Their influence in destroying the industry and morality of the people—Observations on Papal misgovernment.

ON entering the vast domain termed the Pontine Marshes, the first object that interests the traveller is the fountain of the nymph Feronia, where Horace tells us he laved his face and hands, and which still preserves its

freshness and purity in defiance of time and the contagious influence of the putrid marsh into which it empties itself. Here we stopped our carriage, and ascending the summit of a rock, obtained an extensive view of the vast district beneath, more resembling a prairie, green and luxuriant as any in England, than a fetid marsh. The dreary landscape was somewhat improved by seeing here and there a group of half-wild buffaloes, oxen, and horses, with the little straw huts of their shepherds; for winter having now commenced, mild as it is in this southern clime, man could brave with comparative impunity the exhalations from the marshes. We could also distinctly trace the various half-finished canals, begun by the emperors and pontiffs of Pagan and Christian Rome, which they hoped would again render these fertile fields salubrious.

This vast district once formed the home of the intrepid Volsci, powerful tribes that long and for a time successfully battled against the might of warlike Rome, for their country, their

freedom, and their independence. The ancient Greeks, who traded with this people before and after the foundation of Rome, have left us records of their commercial, industrious, and civilized character. Pliny tells us that the name of these marshes, Pomptino, is derived from Suessa-Pometia, the metropolis of the Volsci, which was built here, together with from twenty to thirty towns and cities, independently of those on the surrounding hills, and although in the present day their site is occupied by villages and hamlets, they still bear their ancient Volsci names.

What a sad reverse of fortune awaited these miserable tribes, and what a melancholy picture of the devouring ambition of the chiefs of ancient Rome, who, after driving them from their fertile plains and destroying their rich cities and towns, pursued them to their mountains, where they were entirely subdued and dispersed by Coriolanus.

The Romans could not have found their new territory a valuable acquisition, the majority of

the population being engaged in war ; and the small band left to retain possession of the new conquest, no doubt constantly harassed by the remnant of the Volscians who had taken refuge in the fastnesses of the neighbouring mountains, were unable to devote much of their time to agricultural pursuits ; hence the streams which flowed from the hills over the plain, so valuable to an industrious population when applied to the purposes of irrigation, becoming neglected, and no longer finding an outlet to their natural reservoir, the sea, overflowed their banks, and in process of time converted the entire district into a fetid marsh, producing those exhalations which were considered during the time of Pliny as the cause of the bad air from which Rome even then suffered.

“ Oh, putridas exhalationes harum paludum ventum syrophoenicum Romae summopere noxium volunt nonnulli.”

Thus the Volscians were amply revenged for the destruction of their commonwealth ; a calamity was entailing upon their conquerors

to the latest generation, a malaria that spares neither rich nor poor, and for which no human ingenuity down to the present day has been able to provide a remedy.

We learn from history that the ancient Romans were unremitting in their endeavours to make channels for these waters so as to prevent their overflow. Appius Claudius carried his road through this district from Rome to Brundisium, made canals and bridges, the remains of which still exist. Julius Cæsar conceived the most gigantic projects for the improvement of these lands. His intention was to turn the mouth of the Tiber in the direction of Terracina, and by a constant current of water running through the centre, effectually drain the country. The execution of this plan was prevented by his death. His successor, Augustus, pursued the old system of digging canals in different directions, which Trajan and other Roman emperors continued down to Theodore King of Italy, and from an inscription to be seen at Mesa, near the cathedral

at Terracina, it appears that the operation was in some measure successful.

In after ages, during the reign of so many pontiffs of Papal Rome, when these and similar works of public utility were suspended, for the more princely occupation of building palaces and churches, the inundations recommenced with greater violence than ever, and might have continued increasing had not the pestiferous exhalations arising from these marshes threatened to render Rome and the surrounding country a desert. To remedy the evil, Boniface VIII. caused the canals of Appius, Augustus, and Trajan to be opened; but the dykes not being constructed sufficiently strong to resist the force of the water, soon broke down, and his labours were rendered nearly useless.

Some of his successors continued the works, but beyond opening the great canal of Augustus, and clearing some of the minor ones of the rank vegetation, the accumulation of centuries, nothing effectual was done till the

advent of Pius VI., who for his enlightened project of draining this pestiferous marsh, well deserved the honour of the tiara. Adopting the plan of drainage presented by Signor Rapini, and regardless of expense in carrying out a work of such great public utility, the Via Appia, which had remained for centuries under water, was once more, under the guidance of this able engineer, made available for traffic, and many thousand acres of valuable land restored to cultivation. Unhappily, the successors of this energetic Pope have done little or nothing towards ameliorating the evil; and the insecure tenure by which the Patrimony of St. Peter is now held, together with the exhausted state of the exchequer, forbid any hope of seeing, at least in our day, the Pontine Marshes rendered habitable for man.

The Emperor Napoleon, if he had continued a few years longer in possession of Italy, would, it is said, have carried into execution the vast projects entertained by Julius Cæsar for effec-

tually draining these marshes. Of this no one can doubt who has read M. Prony's "*Description hydrographique et historique des Marais Pontins*," who, it appears, was charged with the execution of this gigantic work ; and knowing the vast ambition and energy of the great Corsican, it would have been completed, were it for nothing else than that he might have the glory of eclipsing the fame of the most illustrious of all the Romans.

In this age of enterprise, a lucrative speculation is here open to a company, the draining of the Pontine Marshes, by adopting the plan of the great Roman—that is, to divert the Tiber into a new channel. The priceless treasures which lie concealed in its bed would alone be sufficient to repay a thousand-fold the expenses which might be incurred, and leave a handsome surplus to enrich the empty exchequer of Pio Nono, besides bringing into cultivation many thousand acres of the finest and most fertile lands in Italy.

We passed rapidly over the monotonous

road that traverses the Pontine Marshes to Cisterna, the Tres Tabernæ (Three Inns) mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, whither it is said the Christians of Rome repaired to meet St. Paul. On leaving Cisterna we bade adieu to the marshes. Every step we now made in advance exhibited those never-failing indications in the soil which told us that we had entered the region of an extinct volcano.

We remained a short time at Cora, formerly a large and populous city of the Volsci, now reduced to a miserable village, and only remarkable for its walls, composed of immense blocks of stone, and the remains of the temples of Hercules, Castor and Pollux. Nine miles further, and we arrived at the city of Velletri, another of those old cities of Latium founded by the Volsci, only interesting as having given birth to Augustus Cæsar, and to the republicans of modern Rome as the theatre of one of their most glorious feats of arms.

At the commencement of the siege of Rome

the Neapolitan army, commanded by the King in person, occupied the towns of Albano, Palestrina, and Velletri, which enabled him to form a connecting line of operations with his allies, the French and the Spaniards. In the meantime the republicans of young Rome having completely beaten the republicans of young France, forced them to retire on Castel Guido and Civita Vecchia; this led to a truce, which enabled General Garribaldi to leave Rome, and seek the King of Naples, who, on learning the defeat of the French on the 30th of April, hastily withdrew his detachments from Albano and Palestrina, and concentrated his entire force, amounting to about fifteen thousand men, in the strong town of Velletri. But whether the suspicious monarch distrusted the fidelity of his Neapolitan troops, or feared that the citizens of Velletri would make common cause with their brethren of Rome, certain it is that after trying the mettle of Garribaldi and his republicans, who did not number a third of his men, he took to horse, and never slackened rein till

he found himself within his own territories, followed by the whole of his army, "helter skelter."

Our guide, the landlord of the Albergo della Pace, pointed out the different positions of the contending armies, dwelt with all the pride of an ancient Roman on the extraordinary bravery of his hero Garibaldi, and confirmed the truth of the information we had already received, that the King himself must have been made a prisoner, if the republican army had taken the precaution of posting a troop or two of cavalry to intercept his retreat. With all due allowance for the exaggerated reports we heard, of the bravery of the republicans, and the cowardice of the King of Naples, the defeat of the Neapolitans at Velletri must have been sufficiently decisive to have warranted such a very precipitate retreat. During our stay at Naples, we repeatedly heard that the war against republican Rome was highly unpopular with the Neapolitan army; and that when led out against Garibaldi, several of the regiments refused to do battle.

Be this as it may, the holy crusade of the King of Naples, for the purpose of reinstating his illustrious guest by the force of arms in the pontifical chair, terminated at Velletri.

We passed a night at Genzano, and it was a real pleasure, after wandering for several days in the half-deserted countries that mark the boundaries of the kingdom of Naples and the Patrimony of St. Peter, to find ourselves in one of the most beautiful and picturesque domains of Southern Italy, peopled by as robust, courteous, and healthy looking a peasantry as any in Europe. This district has also the advantage of being everywhere embellished by the villas, parks, and pleasure-grounds of the Roman nobility and grandees of the Church; and perhaps not the least interesting among its natural beauties is the romantic Lake of Nemi—the Speculum Dianæ of the ancient Romans, immortalized in the song of the poet, and by the historian.

A charming drive through a lovely fertile country, which only wants the creative hand of

an industrious people to render it an Eden, took us to Riccia, where Horace, with his friend honest Heliodorus, passed the first night on their journey to Brandusium.

“First at Aricia we alight,
And there refresh and pass the night;
Our entertainment rather coarse
Than sumptuous, but I’ve met with worse.”

Before arriving at Albano, our *vetturino* pointed out the place where the famous oak grew, under whose flourishing shade tradition says Virgil sat while he wrote his great national poem. The mouldering remains may certainly still be traced of some enormous tree, that died of age; and there are hundreds of old people yet living in Rome and the neighbouring towns, who will tell you that they were accustomed to make a pilgrimage to it in honour of Virgil, so long as it continued to show any signs of life. The spot was undoubtedly well chosen by the poet; and as if he had the memory of the immortal author of “Iliad” in his mind’s eye, the

place was sufficiently elevated to catch a glimpse of the Mediterranean; and he might fancy he beheld in Mount Albano, that rose above him to a height of two thousand feet, a not unworthy substitute for Mount Ida, as a residence of the gods, to witness the combats of his heroes.

It is impossible to wander far in this classic land of heroes and demigods, and now of priests, saints, and madonnas, without having the attention attracted by some interesting object. We had no sooner left the haunt of the beautiful Diana and the poet Virgil, than we came to an elegant church and convent, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, and a little further, to the ancient monastery of St. Benedict. This was succeeded by a very singular monument, composed of a mass of bricks and cement, forming together five irregular cones, which, according to the belief of many, is the tomb of the Curiatii and the Horatii; and if the legend is true of the triple duel, which gave the empire of the world to Rome, this must be the spot where the six

champions fought, and five of them fell, in defiance of those who maintain it to be the tomb of Pompey.

Albano is now, as it ever has been, the summer residence of the wealthy citizens of Rome. On the charming sides of its ever luxuriant hills, where the stately palaces of Pompey, Claudius, and Domitian rose up in rich magnificence, we now find those of the rich patricians of modern Rome—the Doria, the Corsini, and the Barberini. We may trace in the structure of the churches that they were formerly Pagan temples, and in the massive walls of the palaces, that they were erected by some emperor or mighty lord of ancient Rome, perpetuating the genius of a people who, if they wanted the grace and elegance of the Greeks, surpassed them in solidity. Again, who can tell if the enormous oaks, which now impart so much life and majesty to the landscape, were not planted at the command of some Roman emperor, and consecrated to the god Jupiter.

Taken altogether, Albano is one of the most

agreeable towns in the Papal States, and none more healthy as a residence. The environs, at once picturesque and romantic, present every species of landscape scenery, enlivened by palaces, villas, monasteries and churches, scattered about in every direction on the adjoining hills, the whole crowned by the snow-clad summit of Monte Cavo.

A beautiful avenue, of a mile in length, lined with splendid trees, conducted us to Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence of the Pope, more remarkable for the picturesque beauty of the situation, rising above the Lake Albano, than the classic architecture of the building. Here we left our carriage, and made the ascent on the back of sturdy mules to the Rocca di Papa, a large mountain village, seated on the summit of a volcanic rock, famous for the rustic beauty of the women, and the robust appearance of the men, worthy types of the descendants of those heroes of Alba Lunga, who had so long battled for home and freedom against their dangerous neighbours, the followers of Romulus

and Remus. In the immediate vicinity of the village is the *plateau*, still called the Campo di Annibali, and truly the Carthaginian chief could not have selected a better position for conducting the operations of a siege, which laid before him the immense city, with its seven hills, walls, towers and fortifications, as if he were looking on a map.

It is an old saying, and frequently a true one, "the nearer the church the further from God;" and if rumour speaks true, the character of these mountaineers—the immediate neighbours of his Holiness the Pope—does not stand very high in public estimation, since they occasionally send forth, in times of scarcity and privation, parties of gigantic brigands more dreaded than any others in the papal dominions; and to add to the disgrace, they are said to be always secure of a retreat in some poor fraternity of monks, of which there are several in their immediate neighbourhood. Our mountaineers have, however, the plea of extreme poverty to offer in extenuation of their pilfering practices: their

contracted domain is of little value, with the exception of a forest of chestnuts, and a few spots capable of cultivation. Their best hope of subsistence depends chiefly on the height of the thermometer during the summer months; when the citizens of Rome, suffering from heat and fever, require an unusual quantity of ice, of which a never-failing supply can be procured in the ridges and caverns of the mountains.

On our descent, we visited the romantic Lake of Albano and its famous Emissario, by means of which the water is carried to the Tiber, in order to prevent any sudden inundation, which might convert the plains of Rome into another Pontine Marsh. This colossal work has been so well executed that no repairs appear to have been necessary since its first construction in the year of Rome 300, by a Roman engineer of the name of Camilla, to whom tradition assigns the honour. However this may be, it bears the stamp of the heroic ages, and belongs to the same style of architecture as the Cloaca Maxima and the Curia Hostilia.

On our way to Frascati, we passed through the little town of Marino, so well known for the fine quality of its wines and the immense sarcophagus, now converted into a fountain. The said fountain is the resort of the pretty damsels of the town now as it was in the days of Raphael and Michael Angelo, who may be seen in crowds at any hour in the day, still unsurpassed for beauty and grace by any in the Patrimony of St. Peter. Their regular expressive features, light symmetric forms, improved by a most picturesque costume, the red bodice, blue petticoat, and snow-white kerchief, jauntily thrown over the head, present so attractive a *tout ensemble*, that we might imagine they resembled those irresistible beauties who turned the heads of the Romans and led to the rape of the Sabines. In the same manner they are known to captivate many a poor artist in the present day, when he comes here in search of some fair form with which to adorn his canvas.

According to the doubtful testimony of tradition, every old town and city in Italy has had

the honour of being founded by some hero of Troy or god of Greek mythology ; while every church, convent, or monastery claims special sanctity for its peculiar locality. Here we have the lordly abbey of the Greek saints, Basil, Nil, and Bartholomew, near the Grotto Ferrata ; and a little further, on the summit of a hill, the ruins of the ancient Tusculum, which also has the honour of having for its founder a demi-god of ancient Greece, whereas the name indicates its origin, that it was built by that great civilized people of antiquity, the Tuscans, who reigned here in the first ages of the world, but of whom we know little. It is much to be regretted that the excavations commenced here by Lucien Bonaparte have not been carried on with more spirit and liberality, as they would probably unfold a more interesting page of the customs and manners of the ancients than even Pompeii.

It appears the destruction of Tusculum, by its vengeful enemy, Rome, was so complete, that the inhabitants were obliged for shelter to

form an encampment of huts, composed of poles, and covered with leaves of trees, which they termed "Frasche," thus giving the name and the site to the town of Frascati; in the present day one of the most delightful summer retreats in the environs of Rome.

In every part of the Roman soil, of volcanic origin, trees arrive to the highest perfection; their rich foliage adding not a little to the beauty of the landscape, and throwing a charm around so many of the old towns. But in no place are their sylvan beauties more attractive than in the neighbourhood of Frascati. Still, however fertile and picturesque the country may be, and possessing as it does so many spots hallowed by the pen of the poet and the philosopher, a melancholy feeling is excited when viewing the wide desolation wrought here by the destructive hand of man. Even now, while commerce, industry, and agriculture, stimulated by railroads and steam navigation, have so wonderfully changed the face of society within the last few years, and led to the progress of know-

ledge, national regeneration, and the increase of wealth and population, even in the worst governed states in Europe, misrule seems to have laid its devouring hand on every town, city and village the traveller visits in this long-neglected land.

The palace of the nobleman, or the hut of the peasant, the monastery, the convent, or the church, all bear upon them the stamp of decay, as if this classic land was again fast approaching another wide-spread ruin. In the present day the traveller may find in the mass of ruins before him traces of the heroic age, the grandeur of mighty Rome and its decline ; and perhaps some future wanderer, before many ages pass over, may have to record in the wreck before him the great power and magnificence that marked the reign of a long succession of sovereign Pontiffs, who, like their predecessors, the conquerors of the world, having lost the power of influencing the destinies of man, seem also doomed to pass away and make room for other rulers, whose laws and mode of government

shall be more in unison with the improved spirit of the age.

On leaving Frascati for Tivoli, we passed through Palestrina, from the summit of whose crumbling citadel we obtained one of the most extensive and picturesque views in this part of the Papal States. It was here that Pyrrhus the great Epirote chieftain, a warrior equal to Annibal the Carthaginian, and an enemy not less formidable, stood, surrounded by his allies, when, jealous of the growing power of the young republic, he meditated the conquest of Rome; but the good genius of the Romans still watched over the destinies of the race of Romulus; their hour was not yet come. It was here also, during the short-lived republic of modern Rome, that another hero of a different stamp, the King of Naples, surrounded by his legions, unfurled the sacred banner of Pio Nono; but that prudent monarch, probably doubtful of its efficacy to ensure victory, and placing but little confidence in the support of an ally so slippery as the French, seems to have

followed the example of the great Epirote king in retiring from the contest.

On approaching the ancient Prænesti, we are occasionally reminded by the deep ridges worn into the stone, that we are travelling over a paved road, perhaps laid down before the foundation of Rome. We also found an entire change in the character of the soil and its productions, everywhere perceptible in the scanty crops and general sterility of the grey barren rock, broken and split into glens and defiles, informing us that we had left the luxuriant vegetation of the volcanic region, and entered that of the Apennines.

Before cannon replaced the arrow and the battering ram, Palestrina, from its elevated position, must have been a town of great strength, and easily defended; and that it contained a numerous population we have abundant reason to believe in the history of this unfortunate city, when its conqueror Marius is said to have slain twelve thousand of its warlike citizens in one engagement. The most inter-

esting monument is that portion of the walls erected by its earliest inhabitants, sufficient of which still remains to mark the exact boundary of the city with its Acropolis. We can also trace in these broken and battered walls the first effort of man in the art of building, the gigantic Cyclopean, then the Roman, and finally that of the middle ages, when this town was successively taken and retaken during the civil wars of the great patrician families of modern Rome, the Colonna and Barbarini.

Augustus Cæsar had a palace here, and among its ruins, and those of the famous temple of Fortune, which once adorned the Acropolis, several statues were found of great merit, especially the far-famed Antinous; and here may be seen in the Barbarini palace, the largest and most beautiful mosaic yet found of ancient workmanship. It is said there are curious remains of temples, theatres, and amphitheatres existing in this town; but as they are enclosed in the gardens and houses of private individuals, or in the dwelling of some fraternity of

monks, the generality of tourists are ignorant of them, and they are sometimes difficult of access.

Like every other town we visited under the depopulating sway of the successor of St. Peter, Palestrina may now be considered little better than a large straggling village ; and if we might judge from the incessant demands for alms made upon us by its poor inhabitants, they are indeed miserable. Yet, in spite of their wretchedness, there is an elastic vigour about them, which even the misrule of centuries has not been able to destroy ; and when not suffering from want and privation, they are handsome and animated, and in form, character, and manners, a fine specimen of that noble *mélange* of hostile tribes which, becoming amalgamated with the followers of Romulus and Remus, formed a people who filled the world with their renown.

The man who has travelled over many lands, when he sees monasteries with their lazy monks thickly scattered over a country, feels assured

he will find the inhabitants more than usually poor and demoralized. The truth of this is strikingly exemplified in the Papal States, where nearly every second man we meet with is a pauper, a mendicant friar, or a priest belonging to some monastic order ; and where abbeys, convents and churches rise up in all their lordly magnificence, as if in contrast to decaying towns and miserable villages with their poverty-stricken inhabitants. In addition to this, we have fields bearing thistles and thorns, and every noisome weed ; no appearance of industry, life, or animation, as if the entire country was smitten with a moral leprosy.

In our strictures upon the discipline and institutions of the Roman Catholic Church, let it be distinctly understood we do not in the slightest degree wish to intrench upon liberty of conscience ; every man has a right to worship God in the manner he deems consonant with truth. We would leave our Roman Catholic brethren what they term the poetry of religion, its pageantry, madonnas,

saints and angels, their miracles, and every other stimulant they may require to devotion ; but we would sweep away from every country in which they exist all monastic institutions. We except none, whether monks, friars, or nuns ; independently of the loss to a country of such a large number of its citizens, who add nothing to its prosperity by their industry and talents, they would demoralize in process of time the most virtuous race in the world. Besides, as they acknowledge no other chief or master than the Roman Pontiff, their existence as independent institutions is not only dangerous to the liberties of mankind, but the stability of every government that does not bend to the jurisdiction of the same power.

A very little reflection also must convince every man who has studied human nature, and the effect of these ordinances upon the morality of a people, that the power of absolution and the confessional require the wisdom and virtue, not of men, but of angels, for their administration. As for the celibacy of this immense

army of monks, priests and friars, every man who has resided for any length of time in Roman Catholic countries must be perfectly cognisant of the frightful abuses to which it tends ; neither can he have failed to observe the inordinate desire of this class to obtain wealth, not for their individual benefit, but to advance the interests of the Church ; and for the same purpose they seek to acquire the most despotic mastery, politically and morally, over the mind of man. All this might have been submitted to in the dark ages, and some parts of the system had then a beneficial tendency ; but to attempt its continuance in the present day is absurd, and must terminate, unless there is a complete reform, in the utter annihilation of the spiritual power of the Roman Pontiff among every people possessed of common sense.

In making these observations, we repeat we have no intention of wounding any man's feelings on the subject of his religious convictions ; on the contrary, we merely express the opinions of many sincere and pious men who

adorn the Roman Church, but who ardently desire a complete reformation of all those abuses which have made the name of Popery odious to every enlightened mind, by associating it so long and so justly with the memory of the most awful enormities that ever disgraced and degraded the human race. Unhappily, these excesses have led to that religious indifference and anarchy now so rampant, not only here, but in every Roman Catholic country in enlightened Europe; and which, after having gradually undermined the rock on which lay the foundation of papal power, sent its chief by the popular voice of his own subjects into exile; and would do so again to-morrow, was he not supported on his tottering throne by foreign bayonets. A striking example this of Divine Justice, which never fails to strike when the hour of vengeance is come.

And how marvellous are the ways of Providence! the spirit of free inquiry, opened to the world by a poor German monk and an English priest, first paved the way to the ruin of a system

of religious despotism, so admirably built up by priestcraft, as if it was destined to live for ever. But, as the poet truly says :

“ When nations are to perish in their sins,
Tis in the Church the leprosy begins.”

And how striking has been the judgment that laid in the mire the pomp and lustre of a hierarchy which outshone in might and splendour the most powerful empires of the world, and reduced its once haughty Pontiff to the condition in which he now is—a mere automaton to be played with, and shifted about by every adventurer in search of a throne, or monarch whose object is to tyrannize over the liberties of mankind ; thus heaping a still heavier weight of odium upon the Church of Rome, and its feeble Pope.

CHAPTER XIII.

Visit to the ruins of Adrian's Villa—Remains of the country-house of Horace — The Emperor and the Poet—Insalubrity of the country—The Villa d'Este—Tivoli—Inquiry as to the origin of the first inhabitants of Rome—Arrival in the Eternal City—Table-d'hôte—French Revolution—Dangerous excitement at Rome—Tranquillity re-established—Jubilee of the Papal Church—Grand procession.

THE earth builds on the earth magnificent palaces, cities and towns; the earth says to the earth, all shall be mine! How forcibly are we reminded of the truth of this beautiful proverb of the Eastern sage on our route from Palestrina to Tivoli and Rome; a district perhaps above every other in the vicinity of

the Eternal City, that abounds with vestiges of the magnificence of a mighty people, whose buildings were chiefly characterised by solidity, as if they were intended to last till the end of time. In some places, towns and cities, with their temples and public edifices, have totally disappeared beneath the ploughshare of the husbandman. Even of the Villa Adriano, that once filled the world with the renown of its splendour, we no longer find the ruins, but the ruins of ruins.

Time, the ruthless destroyer, having made desolate all that the hand of the barbarian hath spared, earth has again asserted her supremacy, by bringing forth vegetation, so rich and luxuriant, that we might fancy we beheld a new-born world. Intermingled with every species of green herb, shrub, and creeping plant, in all their verdant tints and shades, we see the ever-green oak, the wild fig, the sycamore, the plane, and the olive, overshadowing here, and embracing there, in a thousand folds, the mutilated remains of what once adorned the sumptuous

palace of a man, who in his day bore the title of monarch of the world. Familiar with the effects of nature's every-day progress, we too often slight the cause, and forget Him who feeds the secret fire of life by which the mighty process is maintained, reading to doubting man the heavenly truth—that there lives and works, a soul in all things—and that soul is God!

At no great distance from the Villa Adriano, among other vestiges of the villas of the illustrious Romans, tradition points out the spot where once stood the country-house of Horace, equally forlorn and desolate, the abode of the solitary owl, the bat, and the hissing serpent. And as if nature would not be disturbed during her process of converting ruins into fertile fields, the whole of this district emits exhalations most malignant to the health of any bold intruder who should have the hardihood here to take up his abode.

The Emperor and the Poet. What a subject for a poem! An emperor, in the pride of his dominion and power, the enlightened friend

and protector of literature and the fine arts, conceived and executed the magnificent design of building a palace deserving to be the residence of a monarch whose empire knew no bounds, and which was to be at the same time a museum of all that was wondrous in art and useful to man; and that nothing should be wanting to render the abode worthy of the Muses and their imperial protector, the surrounding grounds were to be laid out so as to give a microscopic view of all those wonders of nature and art the illustrious traveller himself had seen in the most distant quarters of the globe.

To assist this great Emperor in carrying out and perfecting a project so vast and difficult, every man of taste and genius, of whatever country or nation, was invited to his court. Thus, with the genius of the world and boundless wealth at his command, and at the same time gifted himself with a mind far superior to that of the generality of men, Alps and mountains, rocks and caverns, seas and lakes

and rivers, with specimens of their inhabitants, natural productions and foliage, seemed to rise out of the earth as if called into existence by the wand of the enchanter. There was Italy, Gaul, Germany, and Britain with their natural curiosities and specimens of their inhabitants; Egypt, with its pyramids and Nile; Asia, its seas and ruined cities; Greece, with its temples, statues, and gods, intermingled and adorned with triumphal arches and trophies of Roman valour; the theatre and the amphitheatre, the circus and the bath, and all the other mysteries of nature and art that could please the eye and gratify the senses. The whole being included within the circuit of a few miles, was justly considered, even in that great age of imperial pomp and architectural excellence, to be the greatest triumph of its kind that the labour and ingenuity of man had ever achieved. But alas! ages have passed by, the lofty palace has been reduced to dust, the beautiful creations of genius and art availed not to arrest the progress of the

destroyer: they were of the earth—earthly, whereas the imperishable lines of the poor poet, into which the undying soul of genius had been breathed, remain bright and pure as the stars of heaven, a light to guide successive generations, and to furnish one more evidence of the immortal origin of mind.

On our route to Tivoli we visited the Villa d'Este, more remarkable as a monument of the taste which reigned in Italy during the middle ages than for any pretensions to elegance and beauty. There is an ample display of terraces, fountains, and water-works, and other artistic contrivances to vary the form and effect of the grounds, all bearing the stamp of decay. We believe that this villa is still the private property of the Emperors of Austria; if so, it is not an inappropriate type of the House of Austria, to whom their great predecessor Totilla seems to have transmitted his right of being at once the oppressor and destroyer of everything that is Italian.

Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, with its cascades

and ruins of temples and villas, is too well known to require description. The antiquity of a place which, according to the testimony of all the authors and poets of ancient Rome, was founded four hundred and sixty-two years before the erection of that city, must, however, always interest the traveller. As to the legend of a colony of Theban Greeks under their chief Tybur having settled here, we believe it to be nothing more than an absurd invention of Greek philosophers, who, in the degenerate days of their servitude, sought to establish as a fact that the ancient Latium was first peopled with colonies of their race.

It did not require the sagacity of a Greek mind to discover the natural advantages of Tivoli. With abundance of the finest water, and a climate remarkable for its salubrity, this charming spot must have appeared to the wandering shepherds of Italy at a very early epoch a most desirable residence; and as they advanced in intelligence, and their flocks increased, the tents gave way to huts, and in process of

time to more substantial dwellings, temples, and public edifices, till at length the inhabitants became one of the most civilized of ancient Latium; and thus they were found by the hordes of Romulus and Remus, when they were allowed to settle on the swampy marshes now called the Campagna di Roma.

Perhaps it may be expedient here to say a few words respecting the probable origin of this horde of warriors, who were destined in after days to give laws to the world.

Placing little or no faith in the doubtful tales and traditions of a semi-barbarous people, so prone to ascribe their origin to the illustrious heroes and heathen deities of antiquity, we shall dismiss to the nursery the history of the she-wolf and all the other tales and marvels recorded by the romantic chroniclers of ancient Rome. The question then is, of what nation were the chief Romulus and his followers. We believe them to have been a Scythian tribe, and to have originally come from some of those countries of eastern Europe bordering on the

Dardanelles, perhaps the ancient Thracia, whose inhabitants being in all probability allies of their neighbours the Trojans in Asia Minor, fell with that heroic people, and wandering from place to place, from country to country, eventually settled in Italy. Be this as it may, there is a great similarity even in the present day between the Illyrian-Slavon dialect and the Latin; and whoever chooses to wander over European Turkey as we have done, and makes himself acquainted with the various dialects of the Slavon-Illyrian tribes, their warlike habits, customs, manners, and republican tendencies, will acknowledge that we have some grounds for our theory.

That the first settlers on the banks of the Tibur came from some distant country there cannot be a doubt, and it is equally undeniable that they were feared and shunned by the natives, who would form no alliances with them, which led to the rape of the Sabines. Again, they spoke a language which was not understood by the native tribes, and experienced

during the commencement of their career great difficulties. They had to fight numerous battles with their neighbours, who they successively overpowered, by opposing military skill to their undisciplined bravery, which proves they had learned the art of war on the battle-field.

We shall not now enter more at large into this interesting inquiry, but should any of our readers doubt the truth of what we have advanced, we can furnish him with a vocabulary, proving the affinity between the language of the ancient Romans and the Illyrian-Slavon spoken in certain districts of European Turkey up to the present time.

After entering the Campagna di Roma, we found nothing to induce us to pause on our journey, except that great natural curiosity the Aqua-zola, a small sulphureous lake of the most surprising transparency, to which we paid a passing visit. Singular enough, the nearer the traveller approaches the Eternal City, the more dreary he finds the country, till at length

he enters a desert of mouldering ruins, with nothing but clouds of carrion crows, or some solitary bird of prey to relieve the monotony of a district cursed with the pestilential exhalations of the malaria, during the greater part of the year.

A brilliant moon, such as is only seen in a warm climate, rose up in bright effulgence to guide us as we entered Rome, disclosing the magnificent domes, spires, palaces, and ruins, that adorn a city which still maintains its rank among the capitals of Europe, in spite of the malaria and the cannon of republican France. Heartily felicitating ourselves on being allowed the privilege of once more making our home in this metropolis of art, we drew up at the Albergo Tedesco in the Via Condotti, conducted by an honest German, Franz Roesler; and although it does not rank among hotels of the first class, there is none better in Rome.

We had scarcely seated ourselves at the *table-d'hôte*, among a company of between thirty and forty strangers, English, Americans, French, Ger-

mans, and Spaniards, when a gentleman entered, and announced that he had that moment heard of the arrival of an *estafette*, bringing the intelligence of the outbreak of another revolution in France. In free England, with her stable institutions, accustomed as we are to hear of the erratic political deeds of our volatile neighbours, a revolution in France creates no greater sensation than any other passing novelty of the day. But the case is very different in every country within the pale of despotism, and nowhere perhaps did it cause greater excitement than in this little state, where the *progressistas* assert the grand battle must be fought and won, before mankind can hope for a complete and lasting emancipation from the thralldom of arbitrary rule and priestly bondage.

The citizens of Rome could scarcely have been in a more excited state during the bombardment of their city by republican France; each party being aware of the hostility of their opponents, regarded each other as mortal ene-

mies. The *sbirri* seemed powerless; the dictatorship of General Gemeau appeared suddenly terminated; the liberals met in the streets, on the promenade, in the coffee-houses, *restaurants*, hotels, and private houses, and discussed politics with as much boldness and acrimony as if they were the subjects of the freest country in the world. On the other hand, the news produced an absolute panic among the *parti prêtre*: scarcely a *soutane* was to be seen in the streets, and it was generally reported and believed that the Holy Father had all his valuables packed and was ready to start at a moment's warning for Bologna, to place himself under the protection of Austrian bayonets. In the meantime, *estafette* followed *estafette* in quick succession, until it became known to all men that the nephew of *mon oncle* was the ally of the Jesuits, and the French people not yet sufficiently educated to appreciate the value of constitutional freedom.

The spell of French liberalism, French pro-

gress, was now completely broken ; and those who had been seduced to look to France as the stronghold of democracy, and civil and religious freedom, as if awaking from a feverish dream, quickly relapsed into the same listless apathy which had previously characterized them, appearing as if they looked forward to death as their only chance of deliverance from the misery of foreign bondage and priestly despotism. The reaction was entirely in favour of papal ascendancy.

Now that the political horizon appeared brighter than it had done for many a day, and feeling secure in the fidelity of so worthy a son of the Church as Louis Napoleon, his Holiness, in the fulness of his paternal love for his disobedient children, and in his sacred character as successor of St. Peter, proclaimed a universal jubilee ; erring, and ever-sinful man was to be absolved from the penalties of his former misdeeds. Still the benevolence of the pious Pope was confined to the souls of his

subjects, the prison doors still remained tightly closed for the victims of priestly misrule. For them there was to be no pardon in this world or the next, they must remain in the life-destroying dungeon till death mercifully terminated their misery. What a mockery of religion in a man who arrogates to himself the title of Vicar of Christ, of that Merciful Being whose last words were a prayer for His murderers !

The favourable change in the aspect of political affairs was attended at least with one advantage to the visitors of Rome, since it afforded them an opportunity of witnessing one of those grand processions which the Church of Rome knows how to get up with such imposing splendour. A day was therefore set apart for offering up public thanksgiving in one of the churches of Rome, dedicated to the Virgin, in presence of the Pope and the whole of the ecclesiastical dignitaries. We shall therefore transport our readers to the Piazza San Pietro, and show them the pageantry and

ceremony observed by the Romish Church, when it seeks to impress mankind with the majesty of its devotion and regal splendour.

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